EMMA CORBETT.

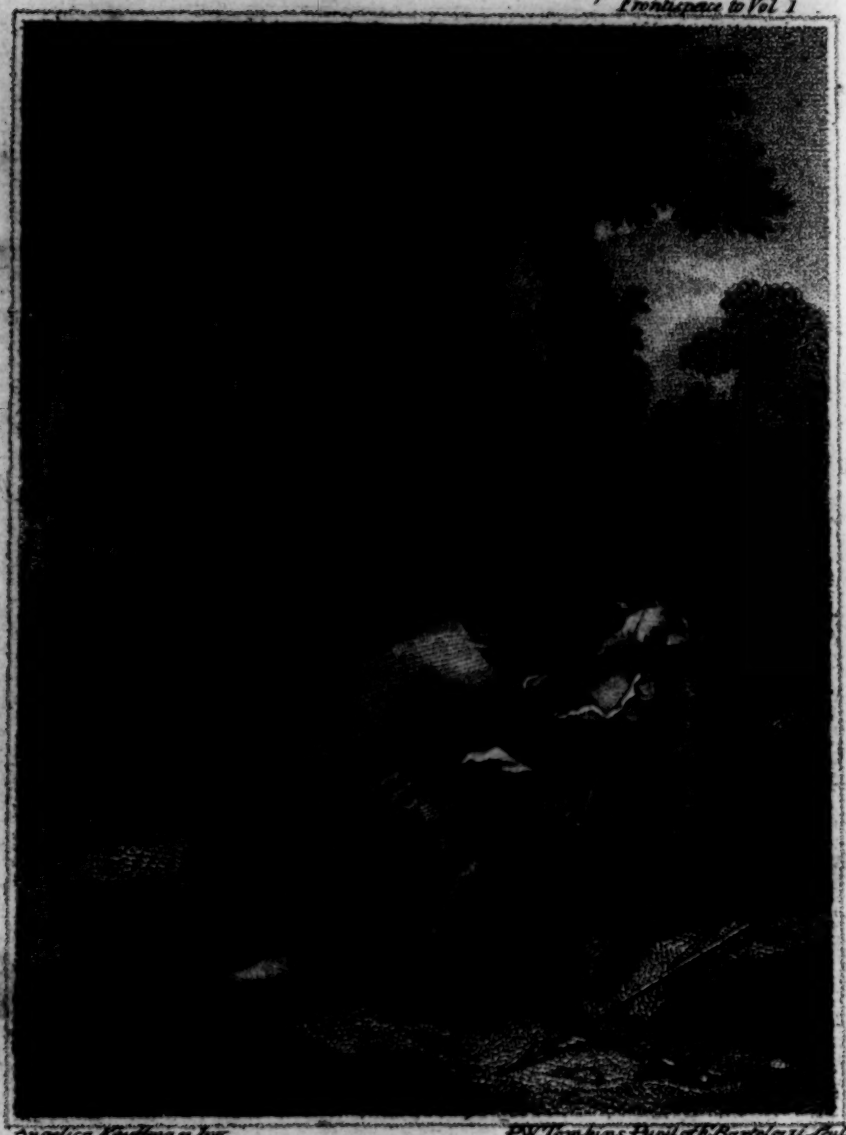
IN

TWO VOLUMES.

BRITISH MUSEUM

5 JA 59

Frontispeice to Vol 1



Angelica Kauffman inv. P.W. Tomkins Pupil of F. Bartolozzi Sculp.

She found the body yet warm;
extracted the arrow and suck'd the wound.

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EMMA CORBETT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY MR. PRATT.

THE NINTH EDITION.

WITH ELEGANT FRONTISPIECES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. BECKET, PALL-MALL,
BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE
PRINCE OF WALES AND THEIR ROYAL
HIGHNESSES THE PRINCES.

1789.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

Dr. DELACOUR.

SIR,

I AM not going to aſcribe to you a miracle. I renounce enthuſiaſm, and think too highly of your underſtanding to inſult it by flattery. But, ſo far as *ſecond* cauſes may be neceſſary to fulfil the fiat of the *firſt*, in the government of human affairs, I do in the moſt ſolemn manner believe you were the means of ſaving me, in the ſummer of 1779, from death.

Prior

Prior to the event which procured me the benefit of your advice, it had been my chief pleaſure to compoſe the volumes which now approach you. Struck by an uncommon tenderneſs in the circumſtances whereon the work is founded, I wiſhed earneſtly for health to finiſh what might prove a ſource of virtuous entertainment. Not that I laid any ſtreſs on my *own* effort towards it; but becauſe the facts were pre-eminently beautiful in *themſelves*, and courted every addition of fancy, with every embelliſhment of the heart. I recovered. Emma Corbett was concluded. The incidents, without the leaſt literary adornment, take a ſtrong hold of the feelings; and, probably,

bly, will owe more to their ſimplicity and native TRUTH, than if, by a more elaborate effort, I had robbed them of this *genuine* advantage.

The tear of Senſibility is at once the ſofteſt and beſt evidence of the praiſe which it is my ambition to merit on this occaſion: and if it be my lot to enjoy this honour, you cannot be ignorant of the means by which it has been conferred. Notwithſtanding this, every thing which tends to ſhew the world how entirely your *generoſity* prevailed over your *intereſt*, will, I know, be interdicted. I comply therefore, Sir, with the proſcriptions of delicacy, though I am thereby deprived

prived of doing juſtice: and with whatever difficulty I repreſs the current of my gratitude, only reſerving to myſelf the pleaſure to declare publickly how much I am,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged

And moſt obedient ſervant,

5 JA 59

THE AUTHOR.

BATH, February, 1781.

EMMA CORBETT.

LETTER I.

To HENRY HAMMOND, *Eſq.*

HAMMOND, you have hurt me. I can no longer look on you with pleaſure. Forbear your viſits. My daughter Emma ſhall not be your's. I have an objection. Will you hear it explained? Being explained, will you *remove* it? You can: you ought: you *muſt*: or this cloſes our connection. To be at a word: will you render it *poſſible* for me to call you my ſon? I write in

 confi-

confidence. Reply without delay. I love exactneſs. Farewell.

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER II.

Mr. HAMMOND'S *Anſwer.*

THERE is then a poſſibility, O my dear Mr. Corbett, of ſurmounting this objection! You aſk, as a favour, what you might claim as a right. Generous friend! O, name the circumſtance, hint your expectations, and give me---all that I can deſire---an opportunity to obey them. Have you not been the guardian of my youth? Are you not the father of Emma? I am all impatience, and I am

Ever your's,

HENRY HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To Mr. HAMMOND.

YOUR promiſes are fair, and the language in which they are expreſſed is proper to your age, and ſuitable to your character. I haſten to give you the opportunity you invite. —— Reſign your commiſſion,-----*that* commiſſion which, againſt all diſſuaſive hints, you have ſolicited and procured. Lay down your ſword, or elſe draw it in the cauſe of liberty and heaven. Your ſchool-fellow Edward has, as you know, fallen a victim to theſe hoſtilities. My darling ſon is no more. He was plentifully provided for in the colonies.---The ſpot which he occupied was diſforeſted by his anceſtors, who, with much toil and expence, turned to a ſmiling domain what they found a wilderneſs, inauſpi-

cious to every purpoſe of ſociety. It deſcended to this unhappy youth juſt as tyranny began to forge chains for freedom; he traverſed the ſea to defend his property. He would not ſuffer the legacy of his uncle to be raviſhed from him by the ſpoiler, while a hand remained to prevent the plunder. He took poſſeſſion of the land, which before was under the ſuperintendance of an agent. You know how ſoon he was invaded,—how ſoon his little territory was laid waſte,—his houſe ſet on fire,—and how, when the enemy advanced to his door, he was hurried into arms. He became a ſoldier on neceſſity. He fought—He fell—

The blow which killed a ſon had well nigh killed a father alſo.---Yet, in preſence of Emma and you, I exerted my utmoſt fortitude. But the wound

is not healed; it is ſtill bleeding at my heart. To men's eyes it ſeems well. I have tied about it a political bandage, yet I ſecretly deteſt every principle which *begun*, and every motive which *continues*, this *aſſaſſination of America*. Long I have kept the anguiſh of theſe ſentiments to myſelf. It makes no part of my converſation:—but now, finding that your ardour, O my dear Harry, has taken a wrong direction, it is time to ſpeak—it is time to tell you, what will *loſe*, and what *gain* me for *ever*. Hammond, you are about to engage in a cruel cauſe——a cauſe to which I object both as patriot and as parent. The vigour with which you have ſought to obtain an authority to go forth *amongſt* your countrymen, *againſt* your countrymen, bears in it ſomething ſhocking to my nature. Whom I thought tender, him I find bloody. Do you deſire

to be a hero? the means are ready. Change the poſition of the attack, and *that* will, in itſelf, be heroiſm. Or, which is ſtill *better*, if you could cultivate the embelliſhing arts of peace, and the Muſes who love you, apologize to your patron the Earl for the trouble you have given---take the hand of Emma Corbett, and with her ſhare the fortunes of her father.

Theſe ſentiments declare my opinion of your honour; and my eſteem for your perſon is expreſſed in the preſents I tender. Perceiving how obſtinately you were bent to aid this fallacious plot againſt the rights of nature and mankind, I thought to let you go blindly on to blacken yet more the catalogue of Britiſh oppreſſors; but I well knew the ſource and progreſs of that ſentiment which unites you to my only ſurviving child;

child; and I feel myſelf unwilling, that the ſon of a dear deceaſed friend ſhould thus proſtitute his courage in an action ſo peculiarly baſe, ſo peculiarly barbarous. Emma, fortune, and my favour, are before you. You know the prizes, and you are not now ignorant of the only mode of conduct by which they can be obtained. Farewell then. Think ſeriouſly, venerate my truſt, and do not forfeit my eſteem. I put you to the teſt.

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER IV.

To C. CORBETT, *Esq.*

NO greater time is neceſſary to determine, than that which will be taken up in penning the determination. I *do* venerate your truſt. My principles hold every man's private opinion as ſacred; but the very ſame principles compel me to forfeit even *your* affection, Sir, if it is to be preſerved at the price of my duty. We, unfortunately, happen to ſee the American diſpute in oppoſite lights. It is ſufficient to a ſoldier that he believes his quarrel to be juſt. You arraign my humanity. Wherefore? I retort not the accuſation. May we not conſider a public conteſt in different points of view, and yet be friends? Both may act from feeling, and both on principle. You imagine America

is

is aggrieved, while I look upon *her* as the aggreſſor. What of that? Do we interfere with the opinions of each other? I was not acceſſary to the death of your ſon; and had it been my fate to meet him in the field, I can conceive the point on which nature would have inſiſted. She would gracefully have led us both a little from the line of duty, and ſpared one in ſympathy to the other. Nay more. Had I ſeen the ſword tremble at his boſom, my own ſhould for that moment have been as a ſhield, and you know not *how* far I would have ventured for the brother of Emma. But as to the commiſſion, O be aſſured, I did not ſolicit it till I had well reflected on every conſequence, probable and poſſible, of obtaining it. It *is* obtained, and I rejoice; nor could it be reſigned to purchaſe a diadem, with Emma on a throne to wear it. Change

ſides! No, Sir; if theſe are to be the terms, take back the hand you *permitted* me to win, and poſſeſs, undivided, her fortune and your own. You have not looked accurately at my ſoul. As I am not, on the one hand, ſo *ſenſual*, as to gratify my paſſion at the expence of the holy faith and the ſolemn ſervices which I have ſworn to my country; ſo neither am I ſo *ſordid* on the other, as to court her inheritance without many endeavours, conſiſtent with the powers of my youth, to add ſomething to her fortune. Patrimony hath dropt from my hope, but nature may, perhaps, have beſtowed the equivalent. The arts of war, rather than thoſe of peace, ſeem, at this conjuncture, to lay the ſtrongeſt claim to the genius of a young Engliſhman; and I have no notion of that indolence which can be content to fall into the arms of beauty and proſperity, without a ſingle

effort

effort to deſerve them. If, Sir, I have any tender intereſt in the heart of Emma, as I think I have, it has been more generouſly ſought. But why do I argue with ſo much gravity, when perhaps you intend all this in the way of trial; willing to ſee if my attachment to my native country was not leſs than my paſſion for my miſtreſs. Yes, yes, this is your experiment. You wanted to know whether it was appetite or affection that influenced me in regard to your daughter, and you will not, I truſt, be diſpleaſed to find the baſis as ſolid as your friendſhip or ſolicitude might deſire.

Adieu, dear Sir; I thank you for the ſtratagem: and glory in every ſucceſs that draws me nearer to your heart.—Adieu!

HENRY HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To Mr. HAMMOND.

POOR miſguided youth! receive the laſt kindneſs I can ever ſhew you: receive my pity. You will, however, in common politeneſs, ceaſe to render yourſelf unwelcome, and ſave me from an appearance of inhoſpitality. I think you ought, as a man of honour, to drop correſponding with Emma, and let it ſeem to be your own act and deed ſelf-ſuggeſted, and ſelf-inſpired. This, however, your conſcience will beſt ſettle. To that I refer you. As you ſo ſoon depart, a few more letters cannot be very material. Farther avowals of love, however, I ſhall conſider as ſeductions. Farewell. To wiſh you ſucceſs in your undertakings would be to partake of your folly: you will therefore

fore excuſe me. I will only ſay, what is perfectly true, that I am extremely ſorry for you. Heaven place your feet in a fairer path. In that you are going to tread, Mr. Hammond, you may find havock and horror, but never can find either honour or happineſs.

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER VI.

To C. CORBETT, *Eſq.*

APPREHEND nothing from my intruſion, Sir. I never enter any houſe, whoſe doors do not move willingly to receive me. What you are pleaſed to call ſeduction, appears to me ſo abſolute a propriety, that I muſt take the liberty to perſiſt in it. I have reaſon to think

think the affections of your daughter are engaged. I cultivated them under your approving ſmile, and with your immediate ſanction. I have not a heart that can put on or caſt off its partialities, exactly as the opinions of a third perſon — even though he be a father —happen to fluctuate. It is Emma, therefore, and *only* Emma, can prevail with me to ſtop the current of affection or of correſpondence. I refer you to *her* conſcience, ſince it is not an apt reference you make to mine. I ſuggeſt no diſobedience, but ſhall never violate one tittle of that faith, which, as a voluntary bond of ſoul, is firmly given by Emma Corbett to

HENRY HAMMOND.

LETTER VII.

To HENRY HAMMOND, *Esq.*

INEXORABLE boy! I ſhall urge you no more. Here let all connection ceaſe for ever. When I permitted you, under the fair diſguiſe of ſimplicity which you aſſumed, to ſeek the affections of my child, I had no conception there beat in your boſom ſo ſanguinary a heart. Yet, practiſe on her as you pleaſe, ſhe will return, I truſt, to her duty, and have done with her deceiver.

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER VIII.

To C. CORBETT, *Eſq.*

HAVE a care, Sir. You are going over perilous ground. Do not, as a Partizan, extinguiſh what I feel for you as the Parent of Emma. I obey ſo much of your injunction as is poſſible, and deſire this may be the laſt of our letters. Yet, I cannot finiſh without a few more ſentiments. The chances of war, Mr. Corbett, offer no ſecurity from the plunder of the enemy. My ſafe return to theſe ſhores is uncertain. I may become a priſoner: or I may fall. That part of your correſpondence, therefore, which relates to a political ſubject, will be beſt in your own poſſeſſion. You will find it incloſed. No accident can tear the depoſit from my breaſt, but I dare not truſt a leſs faithful aſylum.

That

That heaven may bleſs you, and make us once more friends, is the fervent prayer of your

H. HAMMOND.

LETTER IX.

To HENRY HAMMOND, *Eſq.*

YOUR generous ſpirit charms while it diſtreſſes me. O, Hammond! why have you thrown this new motive for relapſing tenderneſs in my way? Why did you not rather add fuel to flame, and ſtrengthen my diſpleaſure? Cruel Henry! Why will you not accept my friendſhip upon conditions ſo humane? It is not even yet too late. You ſtill have it in your power to unite real happineſs with true honour. Labour, I conjure

conjure you, to bleſs me and yourſelf. I pant to embrace you, to give you the paternal benediction, and to give you, *with* it, my only child.

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER X.

To C. CORBETT, *Eſq.*

IT is not poſſible to be done in the way you propoſe; though there is none other that I would not eagerly attempt. Yet, to leave my Emma's father alienated, is to go with a dagger in my boſom. O! it will be ſufficiently painful, without the aid of ſuch aggravation. Let me implore you, Sir, to point out ſome *other* means of reconcilement. Think, O think!

HENRY HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To HENRY HAMMOND, *Esq.*

IT will not *admit* a thought: nor are there any other means within reach. There is, there can, there *ſhall* be none.

C. CORBETT.

LETTER XII.

To C. CORBETT, *Esq.*

THEN let me beg of you to drop the ſubject, and to believe, in this farewell ſentence, that there is not a bleſſing in human life which is not ſincerely wiſhed you, by

H. HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To HENRY HAMMOND, *Eſq.*

YOUR ſhip will not be ready then, to bear you into the paths of danger, for ſome days. How uniformly amiable is your ſolicitude — deareſt and beſt of friends — and how kind your attention to every circumſtance that has the leaſt tendency to affect my eaſe and my welfare! I reflect upon your generous kindneſs with a kind of weeping rapture that wants a name: but, thank heaven, I find my nature ſufficiently ſuſceptible, and my heart ſufficiently enlarged, to anſwer the demands which your tenderneſs and conſtancy are daily drawing for; and, tho' it be a proud boaſt, I will venture to ſay that, in ſentiment and friendſhip, in good will and good wiſhes, I can never

never die your debtor. Yet this little delay, my dear Henry!—into what an exultation of ſpirit did it not throw us? Laſt night, my beloved friend—oh, laſt night! the hours betwixt ſix and ten!—have you any idea of a period that could be rated in compariſon with them? What a ſpace! It was all ſpirit and all ſoul. Every inferior ſenſe was annihilated, and the regiſtering angel, if ſuch there be, can hardly have marked a paſſage more ſoft, more affectionate, more beautiful, or more pure. During the whole courſe of that precious interview, alike elegant and ardent were the expreſſions of our lips, the flutterings of our boſoms, and the feelings of our hearts;—not a look, not a word, not a whiſper, not a moment, but memory ſhall hoard with deareſt care, and dwell upon with increaſing ſatisfaction: Virtue ſhall be ſummoned to open her immortal

tal page, and tranſcribe the correct pleaſure of laſt night amongſt the whiteſt tranſactions of humanity. O! 'twas a lovely, melancholy period, which the heart will dwell upon with tendereſt affection, while it remains acceſſible to any ſoft impreſſion. After you left me, my friend, I continued ſtill in converſe with you, or perſonally in viſion pure, or by the aſſiſtance of this little inſtrument, as fancy took the lead. The bright ſcenes that were then painted—with all their vivid images around me—how, how ſhall I deſcribe them? Ah, Henry, the cloſer I look into your heart—the deeper and the more deliberately I examine and analize its properties, the more I admire and applaud. Oh, my friend! my moſt congenial and moſt amiable friend, could I ſpeak or write of the ſpotleſs hours which we have paſſed together, with half the heart-felt

ſatisfacti o◇

ſatisfaction that I think of them—my language would be indeed eloquent:—it would emulate your own.

" Ye Prudes in Virtue ſay,
" Say,. ye ſevereſt,"

do I confeſs too much? ah that I knew words ſufficiently ardent to ſay more! I am unequal to the taſk. It is pride and gratitude, ſenſibility and ſoftneſs. Such are my fixed and ſolemn ſentiments, not ſpoken at hazard, but grounded on the moſt perfect experience. The propriety of my choice has been confirmed, " Proofs have aſſiſted " proofs, and ſtill the laſt is the " ſtrongeſt."

Doubt not but I have read the ſentiments which meant to reconcile me to your departure, again and again, as tenderly as attentively. I have, indeed, peruſed and re-peruſed them till the characters

racters are almoſt waſhed away,—I only mean, from the paper. The impreſſions remain *uninjured* elſewhere. O Hammond, Hammond, how the ſoft emotions agitate the heart at the command of your affecting pen! As I read your pages of this morning, diſtreſs and joy, complaint and reſignation, the tear of anguiſh and the ſmile of hope, all ſtruggled together. In every pulſe I felt the force of your tender eloquence. It had power to ſmooth the rugged front of war, and I repreſented you returning victorious from the battle. Every varying ſenſation took its turn to reign: at one moment I was ſoothed, at another chilled. What feeling of the ſoul did not alternately aſſert its dominion? I was diſturbed, quieted, agonized, and made ſupremely happy. Yet, O my friend, it requires an inſpiration, even brighter than your own, to diſguiſe the tempeſt

tempeſt which is gathering around me, and to render me inſenſible. I am not prone to make any event in life a ſource of unneceſſary miſery. On the contrary, I have a ſtrong conſtitutional propenſity to content, and a kind of reſiſting quality in my nature, which diſpoſes me to ward off all imaginary evil. But the departure of Henry is *not* an imaginary evil. It is a blow, which, however ſuſpended, cannot fail moſt deeply to affect whenever it falls; and fall it muſt, within the compaſs of —what? a few days —ah, my God! ſpare, ſpare me;---the tribute of my tenderneſs is ſtreaming on my paper. My hand trembles in obedience to the terrors of my heart, and I drop the pen.

EMMA

IN CONTINUATION.

I muſt add to this letter a few after obſervations, which a re-peruſal of it has given birth to. In the cloſing paſſages, perhaps it may appear that I have ſaid too much. I am never quite ſatisfied with my expreſſions; afraid, from motives of the moſt delicate conſideration, leſt I ſhould ſay too little or too much, I often repreſs what riſes to my lip, and look cautiouſly, with the mind's eye, at every fond emotion, before I dare venture to give it the ſtamp of language. But you are going from me. Ah! go not with one ſentiment againſt your Emma. If, in compliance with the decent uſage of the world, or the prejudice of a worthy father, or my particular ſenſe of that preciſe decorum which it becomes every unmarried woman to adopt: If, Henry, I have hence at any time been withheld from more

cordial

cordial declarations---declarations which you might well expect in return for your's, ſo ardent and ſo elegant---*allow* for me, allow for my ſex, allow for my ſituation. Conſider that I am a woman, and a daughter, as well as the choice of Henry. *That* honour, which is ſo dear to us both, hath a claim to various duties. My nature keeps ſuch a jealous eye upon my conduct, that an inſtinctive ſomething, like the internal diſapprobation of a wrong meaſure, has often repreſſed the tendereſt language, leſt I ſhould paſs that ſacred barrier, which conſtitutes the chief delicacy in the character of a ſingle woman. Perhaps I have carried this ſcruple to an extreme; but I could no more help it than I can prevent the tear from ſtarting to my eye ſo often as I turn my thoughts towards a ſeparation. You have ſometimes looked as if you blamed me: but

my error is, at worſt, a little exuberance, ſpringing from a fair ſtem, and produced in a good ſoil; nor will my dear Henry think ill of me for indulging it. Acquit me then, oh! acquit me of all contemptible fineſſe, and do not believe that I can be one moment inſenſible, unmindful, or ungrateful.

Your laſt letters, my friend, ſhall be preſerved as reliques of virtue, victorious over every ſelfiſh principle; and whenever I ſicken at the folly and depravity of mankind, I will turn to thoſe precious pages, *there* feaſt upon the hidden treaſures of a tender heart, forget the ſilly pageants that form ſociety, and for thy dear ſake, be reconciled to the ſpecies.

Again, adieu!

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To EMMA CORBETT

THE delightful letter of my charming Emma is lying in my boſom, as I take up the pen to reply. It came to hand at my poor Louiſa's---at the houſe of my languiſhing and lovely ſiſter; ſhe told me ſhe expected you. I paſſed an hour of pleaſing attendance, after which it became painful---ah, *how* painful!---You did not come. Why was this? Yet it matters not. It was not *poſſible*, or it was not *fit*. The *fit* and the *poſſible*, you know, are the principles which govern our actions. I wanted heroiſm, nevertheleſs, to ſupport the ſuſpence with decent compoſure. Louiſa ſaid to me, with a tear aſſiſting the eloquence of her expreſſion,---" *What*, brother, hath not the long tenor of a

ſiſter's wretchedneſs and diſappointment ---diſappointment which is to laſt for *ever*, taught you to bear the loſs of a *ſingle* interview?" I felt the force of the appeal, but continued to be uneaſy. My ſiſter withdrew, and my anxiety increaſed. By way of mitigation, I took up a pen which lay before me, and marked with it my emotions; I marked them, my Emma, in numbers, "for the numbers came." Let them be acceptable. Let the ſincerity in the ſentiment atone for any defect in the poetry. Send me word that you are compoſed, and let me meet you, as chearful as you ought to be, in the morning. Louiſa will look for you by ten o'clock. Poor Louiſa! ah, that Edward had not fallen! Ah, that the brother of Emma were yet alive! that he ſaw the injuries done to this unhappy country with *my* eyes, and that, as much inſpired by Louiſa as I by

I by Emma, he was now making loyal preparation to fight the battle of Britain by the ſide of

HENRY HAMMOND.

Verſes written by Mr. HAMMOND, *in the moments of waiting an interview with* Emma.

I.

TENDER tremours touch the boſom,
As the gentle hour moves by;
Expectation, almoſt weeping,
Tip-toe ſtands in either eye.

II.

Ah! what precious perturbations
Haunt the fancy of a friend;
Half an hour of watchful waiting
S[illegible]a period without end.

III.

When the clouds hang dark and heavy,
Diſappointment o'er me low'rs:
But as *fairer* fleeces favour,
Hope beſtows her promis'd flow'rs.

IV.

Soon again ſoft fears aſſail me,
Since the viſit is delay'd;
Then---ah then---'tis apprehenſion,
Of a thouſand things afraid.

V.

Haply ſickneſs may detain her---
Thus imagination cries:
Haply pain, or haply peril---
Then this boſom bleeding lies.

VI.

Ev'ry ſtep that ſtrikes the pavement,
Ev'ry ſummons at the door;
Ev'ry ſound of paſſing coaches,
Warm and chill theſe pulſes more.

VII.

Now I dread th' excuſing meſſage;
Now I dread ſome dire diſeaſe;
Too much wind, or too much ſun-ſhine,
Robs alike this breaſt of eaſe.

VIII. Heav'n

VIII.

Heav'n muſt make a morn on *purpoſe*,
To compoſe the gentle heart;
Zephyrs bland muſt fan the ſeaſon,
Airs their ſofteſt balms impart.

IX.

Not a breath too *much* or *little*,
Not too hot or cold a ray,
Muſt impede the expectation,
When 'tis Emma's *meeting-day*.

X.

Yet perchance, theſe lovely flutt'rings,
Beauteous fears, and kind diſtreſs,
Do but ſerve the more to heighten
Tender Henry's happineſs.

XI.

When the fair *indeed* approaches,
Every roſy terror's o'er;
After little ſcatter'd cloudings,
Sun-beams only bleſs us more.

Stanzas added when Mr. HAMMOND *was about to depart.*

XII.

Thus the flow'r, which blows at morning,
Opens more and more till noon;
Then, as chilling eve comes onward,
Ev'ry colour ſeems to ſwoon.

XIII.

But perhaps, *to-morrow*'s radiance
May riſe *lovelier* from the rain,
And the bloom which erſt did languiſh
Shall revive to bloom again.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To HENRY HAMMOND, *Eſq.*

WHATEVER is elegant, beautiful, or amiable, in that fair bloſſom, the human underſtanding, under the higheſt culture, is expreſſed in the correſpondence of my dear Henry; eſpecially in the precious favour that was incloſed in his laſt billet, dated from the apartment of Louiſa. Ah, that Emma were an all-accompliſhed judge, whoſe plaudits might reflect all the honour which my hero deſerves to receive! This being impoſſible, let it ſuffice, that you have, in theſe tender effuſions, furniſhed your Emma with new proofs of tenderneſs, though none were neceſſary to complete the meaſure of either ſentiment in my boſom. Yet ſuch charming repetitions and innovations

tions can never be unwelcome; nor will Hammond refuſe or overlook this unaſſuming tribute—this humble and acknowledging page, which ſimple nature and affection offer. It is not the full foliage of the laurel, but it is the little unobtruſive leaf of gratitude and love.

Yet muſt I not, and ought I not, to tremble while I praiſe? O, this America, my Henry! Theſe chances of war! A theatre of miſchief already fatal to the lover of Louiſa—I faint under the thought! The time ſteals on, even while I am talking of its lapſe. Your virtues all known—all tried---all preſſing on the eye, and twining round the heart. It is terrible---it is too much! In mercy be leſs kind---leſs amiable---leſs engaging. Oh, if you draw the chain thus cloſe,---thus near; if you bind the lovely fetter thus hard---till every

every comfort and every joy *depends* on the near and exquiſite contact; if you contrive thus to annihilate every object but yourſelf—to create a void in nature —or fill it in my idea only by your exiſtence—and that exiſtence is to be expoſed to hourly peril—what is to become of me? Or when cruel neceſſity ſhall tear you from me, which ſhe is preparing to do, how am I to ſupport it? Fancy ſickens to reflect upon the vaſt and formidable diſtance that is ſoon to divide us. To ſeparate for ſuch a purpoſe too! How few hopes—how few conſolations! Correſpondence will be delayed—interrupted—interdicted. The ſoft and ſweet ſolace flowing from pen to pen will henceforth lie at the mercy of winds and waves. Our ſentiments will depend upon the terrifying circumſtances of war. We ſhall no longer breathe the ſame air—repoſe in the ſame iſland—

iſland --- walk under the ſame hemiſphere; but ſeparation, uncertainty, and wretchedneſs, muſt enſue.

O dire and deadly ſpirit of contention—patron of carnage, and encourager of bloodſhed! O thou, who rageſt moſt unnaturally in the human boſom, (where all the graces and the affections ſhould inhabit) and ſetteſt man againſt man! — Thou, who haſt ſwept a brother untimely to the grave, and left a father, a ſiſter, and a lover, to mourn his fate.---Thou, whoſe ſpear ſeems now trembling over my panting heart, which bleeds at the dangers of the youth whom I adore --- Oh, miſchievous WAR! armed at all points againſt the happineſs and humanity of the ſpecies —how various and how dreadful are thy horrors!

I cannot

I cannot bear it, Henry!

Yet let me think a little.—Are you not reſolved?—what then am I doing? labouring to unman you? Ah! forgive my inconſiſtency—I cannot help it—indeed I cannot. No words, no pen, not even your *own*, my beſt friend, all eloquent, all Promethean as it is, can paint the effuſions of nature as they burſt from me at this affecting moment. Conſider the fate of Edward, and think of what may be your own: Conſider the ſorrows of Louiſa, and think on what may ſoon be thoſe of Emma. Yet what have I ſaid—am I not ſatisfied with the moſt affectionate and invariable ſolicitude, but I muſt interfere with a mode of conduct, which, you aſſure me, is a duty not to be laid aſide without diſhonour. Alas! Henry, I am reduced, by this cruel commiſſion of your's, to

a very

a very bitter exigence, which neither permits me to cenſure or approve. I dare not write any more, for I feel the tide of overwhelming ſoftneſs pouring on me. Perhaps I might adviſe you, at this tender criſis, to ——

No: I will not *truſt* myſelf with the pen. It would ſully me in your *eſteem*, ſhould I longer hold it. O Henry, Henry, pardon and pity me. Preſerve *me* by preſerving *yourſelf*. Give not to Glory *more* than is her due, but make ſome *little* reſerves for the trembling

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To EMMA CORBETT.

ALAS! what is to be done with this bleeding tenderneſs of your's? For Heaven's ſake, temper your ſenſibility with a little diſcretion, my beloved Emma. Your elegant and affecting pages penetrate me to the ſoul. The tears of anguiſh mingle with thoſe of admiration as I read them. Yet let me implore you to ſtrengthen *your* mind a little, leſt you wholly debilitate *mine*. Let not your Henry diſgrace the cauſe he is to defend, nor ſully the profeſſion he has choſen. Dear, unhappy friend, make one great and generous effort to ſupport your drooping ſpirits, to ſuſtain your waſting frame, and to preſerve a life ſo valuable to *me*, that the ſame ſtroke ——

I cannot

I cannot purſue the ſubject—Rouſe, rouſe yourſelf, my Emma. For my ſake, let all your fortitude be exerted. We are both young;—there is the ſame protecting Providence by water as by land; in the fields of war, as on the plains of peace. The *future* is a wide ſpace, and may contain within its circle a thouſand bleſſings. Struggle then againſt the ſtorm bravely. Your inferences are too gloomy: various opportunities will offer, doubt not, to ſpeed our generous intercourſe. The wide world of ſentiment and ſenſation ſtill opens upon us. By aid of this little friendly inſtrument, we may range through thoſe paths which ocean ſeems to ſeparate. However remote, you ſhould ſtill learn to think it a ſuperior bleſſing, that in ſome part of animated nature, there ſtill exiſts the counterpart of Emma—congenial as dear;—one, whom no circumſtance

ſtance can change, but who muſt ever remain true to every touch of joy, and every trembling of woe. Look, Emma, at the paltry paſſions, and vulgar gratifications of common life—of common lovers. Look attentively at theſe, and then examine your own heart—examine mine. Conſider the pure nature of the affection that unites them. Does not the ſuperiority of our attachment make you generouſly proud? O, Emma! you ought not to be wretched. We have both reaſon to be content.

Does Emma ſtill weep? Let her rather gratefully acknowledge, that tho' this pure ſource of ſacred amity is occaſionally embittered, as is, more or leſs, *every* affection of the virtuous heart—there are moments in which happineſs breaks forth with a luſtre that makes amends for every intervening vexation.

Such

Such was the period when I wrote thoſe haſty lines which you have honoured with moſt dear praiſe. In ſtriking the balance then, let us not complain, my friend; but, when fretting at diſappointment, or drooping under the languors of diſtreſs, let us ſupport ourſelves with the aſſurance, that the rich current will return after all obſtructions, and flow ſweetly and ſmoothly along its proper channels. Its ſource, my dear Emma, can never be exhauſted. It is as the chryſtal fountain of living water, which ſtreams for ever, and ſuffers no impurity to remain upon its ſurface.

Ah! what is there ſo likely to melt the ſpirit of a ſoldier into cowardice, as the tears of Emma? She will not then give *way* to the tender torrent. She will court the balmy bleſſings of eaſe and hope. She will check theſe convulſive

vulſive tranſports of diſtreſs, ſo deſtructive to my honour, and her own health. She will buffet the wild waves of adverſity, nor thus ſuffer them to overwhelm her. Conſider theſe things, O my beloved Emma! Come then, my friend, be ſtill yourſelf; repoſe with perfect confidence upon that faithful pillow which my affection prepares for you; ſeek to amuſe and to ſolace; ceaſe to murmur and repine.

Do theſe things, and all your generous wiſhes ſhall be rewarded—Do theſe things, and all ſhall be well. Peace ſhall reviſit your gentle boſom, and ſpread her whiteſt plumes about your pillow.

HENRY HAMMNOD.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

To LOUISA HAMMOND.

I Can make no terms with this raſh brother of your's. He is pre-determined. Try *your* influence, for the ſake of Emma—the ſake of your murdered Edward—for your *own* ſake, and for that of him who *would* have been your father, and who is *ſtill* your moſt affectionate *friend*,

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER XVII.

To C. CORBETT, *Eſq.*

WHEREFORE, in the cloſing ſcene of my life, do you thus agonize me? Is that conſiſtent with the characters of parent or of friend? My brother ſtrongly imagines he is going into the paths of duty. The hapleſs Edward, though he trod on the oppoſite ſide, imagined, alas! the ſame. If the interceſſion of Emma fails, what can Louiſa do? I *every* way want power, I want every thing but *reſignation* to the ſovereign will of Heaven, to which I have brought myſelf. Do not rob me of it, by reviving images which I have neither body or mind to bear—but leave me, Mr. Corbett, I beſeech you, leave me to the force of my religious

gious principles, without awaking the paſſions I have lulled. On the day that my brother ſails, I ſhall ſet out from this hurrying town, for my eternal retirement. Farewell.

LOUISA HAMMOND.

LETTER XVIII.

To HENRY HAMMOND, *Eſq.*

HOW ſweetly, how elegantly, you reprove me, Hammond! and how grateful, how pleaſing, are the tears that I have ſhed over the pages before me! I bluſh to think how far you ſurpaſs me, Henry! Hope ſeldom ſpreads her day-beams over *me* in thoſe inſtances where her ſweet deluſions would be the moſt

moſt acceptable. But *you* have *inſpired* me. Poor, pathetic Louiſa, what would ſhe give to have Edward even in the ſituation of Henry! Avant then, impious deſpair! I am eaſier. I am better. Infinitely eaſier—infinitely better. I give you my word and honour that I am. Yet the *dreaded* day is always obtruding—it appears like ſome malignant ſpirit, croſſing me at every turn—at every ſtep. How perverſe is human nature, which diſpoſes us to reject the joy in poſſeſſion, and anticipate ſorrows which may never come! O for the beautiful hour of your return, my friend! It *will* arrive, Henry, will it not? and in the mean time, your ſympathizing tenderneſs ſhall be ſalutary—indeed it ſhall. It *is*.

Melt you into *cowardice*, did you ſay? Heaven forbid! Eyes inſtantly be dry

—your tears will prove a hereſy to the object of my heart. O Henry! you have touched me nearly. The conſideration —the ſingle conſideration of your *honour* ſhall reconcile me to a ſeparation. Go then—purſue the ways of glory;—and oh, may they lead, ſpeedily, to peace and

EMMA.

LETTER XIX.

To EMMA CORBETT.

NOW, my ever dear Emma, ſummon to your aid all your confidence and all your courage. The ſeparating moment comes on. The ſailing orders are received. It is the voice of my country that calls upon me—calls in the hour of

of extremity. She ſummonſes her ſons to arms in her defence. Shall I not hear—ſhall I not obey her? Yes. I have the ſanction of my friend—I go under the auſpices of Emma. Her approbation is the animating trumpet—Her virtue arrays me for the battle. Methinks I now behold the lovely Emma, beaming inſpiration through beauty, ſtanding before me. Away, (ſhe cries) *away* Henry: I yield to the graceful ſacrifice: I lend you to my King: I truſt you to Britain—I give you in charge to that Providence, on whoſe equity we ſhall ultimately have claim: I ſubmit. Go then, my Henry—farewell.——Go---

As the veſſels paſs and repaſs, my Emma, we will faithfully interchange the affectionate enquiries: we will, with dear tautology, repeat the vows which

ſhall one day be ſolemnized. But the parting adieus muſt this night be paid. Let me breathe them into your boſom, O beſt of women, at the houſe of the lovely ſiſter of my ſoul. I will write no more. Let the ſilent tears of Louiſa be as a check upon our complaints. If patience can comfort *her* in the hours of *deſpair*, ſurely pleaſure might ſmile upon *us* in the moments of *hope!* Conſider the nature of the exigence that appeals to my firmneſs, and do not take from me that force---that ardour---that intrepidity---which are publickly due, in times like theſe, to *your* country and to *mine*. Adieu!

H. HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To HENRY HAMMOND, *Eſq.*

IT may not be, my brother. I cannot ſee you in the laſt hours of your ſtay in England: I love you too dearly to ſupport it. It is not even now, without pain, I hold the pen. My tenderneſs is too ſtrong, and my conſtitution too weak, to bear ſuch an interview---to bear the tears of Emma, the embraces of my brother, and my own diſtreſs. Excuſe me, therefore. It is true affection that perſuades me to retire. I will not unman you, nor add to the weight of Emma's ſympathy. I will take my head from this weary pillow, and ſet out for my cottage before you come. This illegible ſcrawl ſhall be delivered by the ſervant whom I will

leave to attend you. My wiſhes for you need not be repeated. You do not want to be told how much I love you. Yet I have one little requeſt, nor will you refuſe it to poor Louiſa.

You are going to the ſpot where the deareſt and lovelieſt of men---ſuffer me to call him ſo, and do not oppoſe the voice of party to the language of nature---lies murdered, or, if you like the term better, lies honourably ſlain.

His memory is precious to me, Henry !--His *aſhes* cannot be indifferent. O! if you could but find the ground where he fell---if you could but aſſure me that his ſacred reliques---if you could but breathe over them one pious tear, and one tender ſigh---for Louiſa's ſake. But it is impoſſible---I feel my weakneſs, and perhaps I ſhall infect you with it.

Yet

Yet as your boſom is at this time full of love, it is fitted for generous actions. Should, therefore, kind fortune have allowed, amidſt the tumults of the war, one little commemorating hillock of earth to the remains of Edward---O! forget not to viſit it---forget not to guard it from farther violence ---forget not it is conſecrated by a deluge of tears from a ſiſter's eyes, by friendſhip and love.

Adieu!

LOUISA HAMMOND.

LETTER XXI.

To HENRY HAMMOND, *Eſq.*

THE appointment is made, and I ſhall, by a lucky arrangement, be able to paſs with you ſome hours of elegant diſtreſs. Alas! my friend, my dear Henry, nature will inſiſt upon her tribute, and I cannot---indeed I cannot ---refuſe to pay it. Yet you charm down the genius of grief by ſtrong language, and I love you, I hope, too much to diſhonour you. About the rights of conqueſt I know nothing---I only know, that as I loſt a brother on *one* ſide of this bloody queſtion, ſo it is probable I may loſe even *more* than a brother on the *other*; and yet, both perſuaded me they were in the way of their duty. Alas! how

ſhall

ſhall reaſon draw her line on ſuch occaſions! Muſt not reaſon be dumb, and humanity mourn? But I have done. Women are *ſurrounded* by calamities; and nothing is left them but to bow in ſubmiſſion to their woe. I am indiſpoſed, and beg you would allow me as much of this---oh, how ſhall I write it ---*laſt* evening as you can.

EMMA.

LETTER XXII.

EMMA *to her* FATHER. *

YOU have found then, it ſeems, Louiſa's billet, making the offer of her houſe this evening to Emma and to Henry. By what chance the note dropt

* Written in her chamber, previous to the interview.

I am ignorant. The hand of agitation is not, indeed, ſteady; nor can the agonized heart guard againſt common chances. I am not ſorry that the paper, by whatever means, has got into *your* poſſeſſion, oh, my dear father! It takes ſome part of the load from my boſom; for I am hurt to appear plotting that, which will ſo thoroughly bear explanation. You deſire Mr. Hammond to viſit me no more. He obeys. You requeſt that I would, without enquiring into reaſons, forbear to ſpeak of him to you. I am obedient. You deſired that my utmoſt intereſt might be tried, to keep him from America. O, you can conjecture how *readily*, and, as you know Henry's darling paſſion, you may gueſs how *vainly* I undertook this. The double pleaſure of obliging you, my father, and of gratifying my own fond heart, prevailed with me to urge this point,

point, till I had well nigh turned his affection to diſguſt. You bid me ceaſe to love, and with the utmoſt ingenuouſneſs I tell you it is impoſſible—Impoſſible, my dear father, becauſe repugnant to every principle by which all the actions of my life have been governed.

My regard—oh! that is too cold a word—my *love* for Henry is not, you know, the ſtart of a moment, the romantic ſally of a warm temper, nor the effect of that ſilly folly, which pays down the tribute of admiration to the charms of a red coat. I ſecretly grieve that the profeſſion of arms ſhould have been choſen: I have ſhed too many tears to the memory of my *brother*, to be in love with regimentals: but my tenderneſs was antecedent to all theſe misfortunes; nor will it be in the power

of any misfortune to diminiſh what your judgement, and the eloquence of my own heart have ſo long approved. Your preſent avowed diſpleaſure againſt Mr. Hammond is ſudden; but ſettled affection cannot readily accommodate itſelf to ſuch revolutions. What is rooted in nature cannot, without much labour, be eradicated by art. As it diſpleaſes you, Sir, I am concerned at this. But ſhall I deceive, in order to make my peace? Shall I be *unnatural*, in order to be *filial?* Shall I propenſely ſet one great duty againſt another, and ſo deſtroy the excellence of both? No. You would hate me for it, and I ſhould hate myſelf. That I am in this bitter period, when I am about to loſe what you yourſelf ſo lately thought moſt precious, able to write with ſo much argumentative compoſure, is, alas! no ſign of my indifference, but an inſtance

—perhaps

—perhaps the ſtrongeſt that could be given — of that ſteady attachment, which, born of honour, is nouriſhed by virtue. To be *attached*, is the dictate of nature. To be attached to a man of *ſenſe* and *morals*, is the dictate of delicacy; and the ſymptom, I conceive, of a good diſpoſition.—Such, my moſt honoured father, were the elementary rules I caught from you. Would you controvert your own maxims? Or, while the merit of the object increaſes, is it a fit time to withdraw from it the love, which nature and common ſenſe ſeem to ſay ſhould increaſe in proportion?

But you depend, I find, on the lenitives of abſence, and of time. I will not anſwer for the vigour of my own mind, for I know the frailty of our nature. If it is ſoothing to my father to count upon what theſe things *may* do,

do, let me not deſtroy his ſource of expectation. I am not, thanks to *his* corrected culture, enough the giddy girl to burſt forth into aſſeverations of *conſtancy everlaſting*, merely to vex a parent by *ſetting my heart* againſt his wiſhes: I would deſire rather to diſtruſt my own temper; and, laying my affections open to his view, beg him to form his judgment upon a ſurvey of them. But I dare not miſlead one who hath ſo entire a right to be treated frankly. I make no vows; yet, in proportion as an attachment is deliberate, is it not fixed and permanent? And this being my firſt and only affection, (having beſides a man of unblemiſhed character and congenial manners for its object) have I not a right ſtrongly to ſuſpect——But enjoy the opinion you ſo ſtrongly adopt. Bleſs you, my father, for the gentleneſs of your inhibitions. You do not threaten—

threaten — You do not rave. Theſe might have augmented my diſtreſs, but could not have abated my affection. A circumſtance of which parents ſeem ſo unconſcious, that they deſtroy the effect of authority by the vehemence with which they exert it. They confuſe, but do not convince; terrify, but do not conciliate; and almoſt juſtify diſobedience, by their manner of enforcing duty.

Oh heaven! the clock is ſtriking— the hour is come — the minute — the moment is approaching. I will ring for a ſervant to take this into the parlour. My feet will ſcarcely carry me down ſtairs. An ingenuous nature appeals to you for pity, Sir,—will you refuſe? Oh, my father, my father, my ſpirits have done their utmoſt, ere the trial is begun. Suffer me to be unhappy. Prepare for me---oh! prepare for

for me the parental hand againſt my return, and do not let *my* tenderneſs abate *your*'s. Adieu!

EMMA.

LETTER XXIII.

HENRY *to* EMMA*

TEN minutes, while the chaiſe is getting ready, are mine: they ſhall be devoted to Emma. Check, I once more conjure you, the extreme of ſenſibility; a few ſilent tears, a few gentle ſighs, and the luxury of a ſoft and tender ſorrow, I wiſh not to reſtrain---but ſuch another conflict as that of laſt night——

* After the Interview.

And

And yet I feel the abſurdity of my own argument---Faſten not, however, on any deſponding images. We *ſhall* meet again, and in happier days---The ſweets of ſocial and family intercourſe ſhall yet be our's, and in the dear boſom of domeſtic peace, we ſhall enjoy, without reſtraint, contrivance, or diſguiſe, all the benefits of ſo delicate and well-directed an attachment---Truſt me, we ſhall.

Ah, my Emma, you owe yourſelf and me theſe reaſonable encouragements, and I implore you to beſtow them. If EMMA be not armed with fortitude, how can HENRY expect to conquer? It is too mighty a calamity to feel for her and for himſelf.

The moment of departure is come. I am called. Adieu---deareſt and moſt amiable of friends---adieu!

Hah!

Hah! yonder is your ſervant---He is running towards me---He is here---A pacquet! Precious fellow traveller! I receive it juſt before I ſtep into the carriage. I hurry to preſs a wafer on this flying billet. Heaven guard and give you its choiceſt bleſſings. Farewell---ten thouſand times farewell.

HENRY HAMMOND.

LETTER XXIV.

To HENRY HAMMOND, *Eſq.*

YET, a few words, my loved friend, and then---what then? O adieu for a tedious ſpace---for days, weeks, months, years---perhaps for ever!

Ah, my poor heart!

Yet

Yet it is not ſo: this is the language of drooping nature in her moſt deſolate moment. It is our perſons only that ſhall be ſeparated, our ſouls ſhall be drawn perpetually together in converſe ſweet, communion high—pure as precious—delicate as delightful. What, alas! is ſpace—what is diſtance? Our hearts ſhall know no diſunion—I will not, I *do* not deſpair.

Henry! I am leſs wretched than I was laſt night; and though full fraught with tender ſorrow—though my tears are flowing till they obſcure my ſight—you may ſee their traces on the paper—I will have faith in your prophecy.

What a day for your journey! it is emblematic of our affection: inclined to ſunſhine and to ſhower, to ſmiles and tears alternately. Be tender of your-

ſelf

ſelf ror *my* ſake. Guard againſt cold from the poignant ſeverity of the night air. The dangers to which you will *profeſſionally* be expoſed are, alas! ſufficient: oh, do not add to them by neglect. Farewell. I will think of you very tenderly, and pray for you very fervently. Heaven bleſs, ſuſtain, and comfort you. How my hand lingers—But time grows ſhort; and unleſs I make one violent effort, the period of getting this to your hand may eſcape. Therefore, in one deciſive and affecting word —Farewell.

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

To Sir ROBERT RAYMOND.

My dear Baronet,

I HAVE not yet had one glimpſe of opportunity to mention thoſe propoſals to my daughter, which are ſo acceptable to me. I can only tell you, the young man is gone. To deal plainly with you, ſhe is much attached; but when you have cultivated her acquaintance, I hope ſhe will be judicious enough to make diſtinctions. Follow your deſign of making my houſe yours, till you go into the country, and then many occaſions will preſent themſelves of diſcovering that merit which, I am ſure, the generous Emma will not be able to reſiſt. I am reſolved againſt Hammond; ſo that you need not fear a jarring

ring intereſt. A girl and boy inclination is fugitive. Sir Robert Raymond will inſpire, I truſt, a ſuperior paſſion on a ſuperior principle. Come to us immediately, and join in our parties.

Ever your's,

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER XXVI.

To EMMA CORBETT.

I FLOAT on the boſom of the ocean while I write this: but, as if in courteſy, the wind is changed, or rather it ceaſes to blow ſufficiently, and in this harbour we are to ride till it riſes. You well know in what manner I ſhall employ the interval; it ſhall be dedicated to ſoftneſs and to Emma. I have peruſed

uſed your dear parting legacy—no, not legacy, that is too funereal a word—your parting pledge.—Yes, I have peruſed it, and, ſoldier as I am, do not bluſh to tell you that I have wept over its contents. I preſſed it with fervent and chaſte ardour to my lips and to my boſom—I laid it ſoft and cloſe upon the panting heart, and am relieved----as much ſo, my Emma, as I ought to be, or as is conſiſtent with human nature at this criſis. Oh, my dear friend, it is indeed a pathetic period. I now feel that I had ſet myſelf too hard a taſk. I pretended to rally it off as a military manœuvre; but I find "he jeſts at ſcars that never felt a wound." Nature revolted, and I have ſuffered more from not giving her fair play. The anguiſh of my mind ——

[There

[There is no brother officer at my elbow, and I may ſafely whiſper forth my lovely weakneſs to Emma.]

—— The anguiſh of my mind bore down all before it; and now the matter is over, I will confeſs that the laſt hour I paſſed in your company, my friend, was the moſt painful of my life. How are you at this moment, my Emma? O, how many queſtions have I omitted —how many have I yet to aſk? O, for another hour! At the end of the firſt ſtage I was ſtrongly inclined to order the poſtillion to drive back. I had recollected much, and that, methought, of moment too, to ſay---but I found it was only lingering nature, reluctant to let go its object, and would have amounted to nothing more than tender repetition. It would but have enfeebled both, and deepened in each boſom the poignancy of

of ſorrow. Again, my dear Emma, farewell. May heaven bring us once more within reach of each other.—*You* ſuch as I could wiſh you! *Me* ſuch as you would have me. I ſhall now ſeek the bed, or rather the hammock; it is ſomewhat awkward to me. The ſea is not, you know, a ſoldier's element; and it will take a little time ere I can adapt myſelf to the fatigues of it.

HENRY HAMMOND.

P. S. O be very tender to my beloved Louiſa. Supply a brother's abſence; nurſe her declining health; draw, as if by ſtealth, the ſofteſt images over the ſolemn ſadneſs of her ſoul; and let not ſo much beauty, elegance, and virtue, drop untimely into the grave.

LETTER XXVII.

To HENRY HAMMOND, *Esq.*

THE wind ſtirs not; there is not a breath of air moving in the atmoſphere. Under favour of this idea I am writing a haſty line, juſt to wrap up with the incloſed, which *my heart* recollected ſince your departure: let it lie, O my beloved Henry, upon *your's*; and may it have all the tender power which I wiſh to give it. Ah that I could crowd into a few words every thing ſweet and comfortable, to ſupply the defect of this brevity, and to ſoften the ills and misfortunes which poor humanity is doomed to bear.

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

To LOUISA HAMMOND.

O HOW tenderly you have ſpoken to a brother's feelings, my beautiful ſiſter! It is a nice ſubject you have glanced upon; but what is there in your Henry's power that he will not ſeek to do for Louiſa? Yet it was hard to withdraw your hand from me—I miſſed the preſſure, even while Emma was weeping on my boſom; and I had much, very much for your private ear, which I would have contrived to impart. Preſerve the incloſed papers, which, in caſe of accident, you will unſeal, and act in conformity to their contents. They are the laſt deſires of your affectionate brother,

HENRY HAMMNOD.

LETTER XXIX.

To EMMA CORBETT

THE wind is ſtill inſufficient, and the little which ſtirs is adverſe, which has given me an opportunity to receive the only part of your perſon that could, conſiſtently, attend me on the ocean. Do you know that this dear locket has made me poetical. You muſt allow for verſes written upon the waves. Yet I hate apology. They have ſoothed a penſive hour for me, and may do the ſame for you.

That they *may* anſwer this good purpoſe, is the fondeſt deſire of

HENRY HAMMOND.

Addreſs

Addreſs to a LOCKET *with a braid of* EMMA'S *Hair.*

I.

COME, thou ſoft and ſacred favour,
The remembrance chaſte impart;
Take thy ſtation on my boſom,
Lightly lodging near the heart.

II.

While that tender thing ſhall flutter,
Thou the ſecret cauſe ſhalt know!
Whether pleaſure or diſaſter,
Thou wilt ſee what ſtirs it ſo.

III.

When the hope of happy tidings
Shall the ſweet ſenſations move;
When the white and winged agents
Whiſper friendſhip, whiſper love;

IV.

Then all ſympathetic, thrilling,
Thou the roſy ſtream ſhalt guide;
While, as runs the ruddy treaſure,
Thou'rt the *Genius* of the tide.

V.

Haply when this heart is ſinking,
Thou ſhalt ſoothe the riſing ſigh;
When with woe ſurcharg'd, 'tis heaving,
Thou wilt ſee the reaſon why.

VI.

Ev'ry curious eye eſcaping,
Here ſecurely ſhalt thou reſt;
Though the univerſe were ſearching,
Thine the ſecrets of my breaſt.

VII.

Come then, dear and decent favour,
Learn what thou wilt ne'er impart:
Fix thy throne, and fix it ever,
In the regions of my heart.

VIII.

O'er theſe delicate dominions,
Caſt a Monarch's careful view,
Render every ſubject paſſion
Worthy me, and worthy you.

IX.

Let not realms ſo rich, ſo tender,
Suffer rebel *weeds* to grow,
But the flowers---ah! do not cruſh them,
In ſweet viſion let them blow.

X.

Gentleſt ſighs ſhall ſerve for breezes,
Softly aid them, auburn friend;
Silent tears, like dews deſcending,
Shall the lovely growth attend.

XI.

Thou ſhalt watch them night and morning,
Thou ſhalt ſee the nurſelings riſe:
Thou, with me, ſhalt tremble for them,
Thou, with me, invoke the ſkies.

XII.

If at length, alas, they wither,
If they ſicken, if they die,
In one grave---oh, dear companion,
Still emboſom'd will we lie.

LETTER XXX.

To C. CORBETT, *Eſq.*

THE proſpect, Corbett, is not clear, I find; but ſomething impels me to try whether it may not be improved. I ſuſpect, however, that a youth of twenty-five in ſcarlet will leave an impreſſion ſcarce to be eraſed by a middle-aged man in a ſuit of ſnuff-colour, with ſlaſh ſleeves after the manner of our anceſtors: and it is too late now, Charles, to throw off a cuſtom that has hung on my back for more than twenty years.

Yet

Yet I will come; for I *want* the ſtability of domeſtic comfort after all my migrations.

Your daughter ſtrikes me as the very woman, and has, in my eye, no other fault than that of being too *young*, which I quarrel with chiefly becauſe I ſtrongly ſuſpect ſhe will think me too *old*. No matter, I will put the beſt foot forward, and be with you in a day or two. Mean time, I will get me a new wig; and, to ſhew you how much I am in earneſt, will try to deceive your Emma as much as conveniently may be, by ordering it to be made ſo as to reſemble a reſponſible head of hair; for I find, ſince I came *home* from India, there is nothing in a young Lady's eye ſo ridiculous as a wig. And when I *left* my native land, a flowing peruke was a Cupid in full dreſs.

O tempora! But we will ſee what can be done.

Dear friend, I am your's, and remember I have been ſo twenty-eight years.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER XXXI.

To HENRY HAMMOND, *Eſq.*

WHAT a return have you made for the trifle I ſent you, O moſt dear and ingenious friend! ever directing the current of that rich ſtream (which knows no diminution, but ſcatters fertility and fragrance as it flows) to comfort, to amuſe, or to inſtruct me. How I rejoice, that the bagatelle pleaſed you. It

It was my firſt intention to have the hair diſpoſed into an ornament for the ſhirt, but I conſidered the nature of that delicate ſentiment you feel for Emma. I reflected that it was *retired*, that it ſhunned every thing obtruſive, that it could ill brook the idle, and perhaps the wanton curioſity of thoſe cockaded heroes, who imagine tenderneſs incompatible with bravery. On theſe accounts, therefore, I choſe to ſuit my locket to *that* ſituation only in which your delicate partiality would be moſt likely to place it.

Round your neck, my dear Henry, let it ever hang, impervious to every eye but that of the proprietor.—A ſacred taliſman may it prove—a ſoft ſhield thrown over your boſom by the trembling hand of a friend!—O, that I could breathe upon it all the virtues that were

ſuppoſed to be in poſſeſſion of the moſt benevolent genii—that it had ſtrength of charm ſufficient to preſerve you as ſecurely from ſickneſs, ſorrow, and miſchance,—from the bullet and the ſword,—as I do firmly believe the ſight and touch of it will arm your heart againſt the impreſſion of every error, and the practice of every irregularity.

Your letter, with its fair and tuneful incloſure, found me upon my pillow, from which I haſtened with a rapidity which is the ſpontaneous impulſe of unaffected tenderneſs. Like a much wiſhed-for and much-wanted cordial, it found me in an affecting moment. I read and recovered, wept and was well. Oh, wondrous power of virtuous affection! Yes, thou admirable and honourable friend, the die is caſt, thy invaluable love ſhall be the ſuſtaining ſolace of

of my future exiſtence. Ah! may no jarring word or diſcordant thought ever riſe up to diſturb an amity ſo ſacred and ſo pure! The fine ſpirit of our eſteem, my Henry, ſhall extend its delicate influence over all the rougher paſſages, on a ſea far more ſtormy than that whoſe boſom is now preſſed by your veſſel—Over every troubled moment our affection ſhall ſoftly diffuſe itſelf,

"Like the ſweet breezes of the ſouth,
"Stealing and giving odour."

Oh, Henry, my heart dilates as I write, and the ſoft drops deſcend in a pathetic and ſweet aſſurance of our future felicity; but do not be uneaſy that I weep, ---ſuch tears will not hurt me. They are precious drops that invigorate virtue, and freſhen as they fall. Oh! thoſe ſacred hours we have paſſed together, in friendſhip, in converſe, in books;

books; no divided attention, thought ſaluting thought, the mutual tear, every thing, or dear or elegant, included in every moment. Carry the remembrance of ſuch intercourſe over the world of waters. Call to mind the time when our lengthened attention to the moral page, inſtead of relaxing, grew ſtronger and more fixed; when our underſtandings and our hearts ſeemed equally to refine and to expand!

Yes, Henry, I will try to adopt that gentle ſpirit of prophecy, which breathes ſo beautiful an ardour over your conſolatory pages. I do *not expect* to gather the bloom of the roſe without feeling the puncture of the ſurrounding thorn. I gratefully take it with all its little wounding appendages---I place it in my boſom.

---I have

—I have promiſed not to repine: yet, if a gentle murmur ſometimes eſcapes, let me, I prithee, find indulgence for it, and do not chide me; oh, how often have I wiſhed, ſince your departure, to be the companion of your voyage and all its conſequences, however multiplied, however menacing! And after all, Henry, your ſituation is more tolerable than mine: the travelling friend has the advantage of thoſe who are left in ſolitude behind. The very velocity of the motion is favourable: in paſſing rapidly along, the freſhneſs of the air, and the change of objects, engage and divert the mind inſenſibly; while the poor forlorn one, that remains fixed to the former ſpot, has only to mark the preſent period, to look in vain around for what is loſt, to caſt a "longing, lingering eye" upon the paſt, and, in the torture of reflection, to confeſs, that ſuch

ſuch things *were*,—but *are*, alas! no more.

It has been my fortune to paſs thro' the ſtreet where you reſided, more than once ſince your departure. O think with what emotions I viewed thoſe windows which belonged to an apartment ſo lately your's! The ſight of your *grave* could ſcarcely have produced any thing more affecting: and yet I feel that I ſhall like to paſs often by them. I do not pretend to *account* for theſe little touches, I only ſimply *relate* them. Will not your feeling nature eaſily explain them?

And now confeſs, Hammond, that I have arrived at the due degree of heroiſm: confeſs that I am ſufficiently *ſoldierd*; for I can hold the pen, and impreſs the quiet-ſeeming ſentiment, with my eyes full of tears, and my heart full

full of ſorrow. What more can you expect from female philoſophy? What more can you expect from a friend who has been uſed to regret the abſence of an hour as a misfortune?

I ſhall ſend off this, on the ſlight chance of its reaching you. If it ſhould not—what then? what will be its fate? —I care not. Groſs as is the world, were every ſentiment of my ſoul laid open to its view, I could ſupport the ſcrutiny. I ſtill could "*boaſt* the graceful weakneſs," if indeed it be a weakneſs, of my heart. The *poſſibility* of your receiving my letter is worth the hazard of diſpatching it; and as every moment is now at the caprice of the wind, I will no longer delay ſealing. Adieu!

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

To EMMA CORBETT.

YOUR dear favour, like a parting bleſſing, comes to hand while the breezes are riſing, and the whole crew are engaged in the buſtle of preparation. We have already weighed anchor, the ſails will ſoon ceaſe to flap againſt the maſt, for I perceive the mariners are climbing the ſhrouds to ſquare the canvaſs to the gale, which is at length favourable. All hands are aloof—All hearts are panting with various paſſions.—I feel that we are in motion.—I can hear the cleaving keel cut the waves.—The wind blows freſher, as we clear the calms that brood in the harbour; and, as I turn my eye aſtern of the veſſel I behold the billows whiten

whiten into foam. Alas! the ſhore ſeems to go back, and we are getting into a wider ſea. The watermen who have followed us thus far in their boat on ſome neceſſary buſineſs, now tack about, and prepare again to fetch the harbour.

Brief let me be.—Many of my fellow officers are ſtanding idle on the deck, and ſome are roaring catches in the cabbin; while Henry Hammond is writing an adieu to one dear woman, who is the pride and pleaſure of his life. I confeſs alſo, that a ſigh is heaving from my heart, and a tear is running along my cheek. The officers look at me as if they ſuſpected an infirmity. Let them. In the day of battle we ſhall ſee, whether tenderneſs or diſſipation inſpire the truer courage or magnanimity. I have a little bribed the boatmen, who are rowing

rowing laborioufly after us, but the laſt, laſt moment is come, and the laſt, laſt adieus; the finiſhing farewell muſt be given—*farewell then!* I leave you in full poſſeſſion of my heart; I leave you to your own virtue, and to the Providence of GOD.

HENRY HAMMOND.

LETTER XXXIII.

To EMMA CORBETT.

My brother and *your* friend, then, is gone! How fares it with you, my dear Emma? Are the conflicting pangs of a parting ſo poignant ſomewhat ſubſided, the tender ſpirits ſomewhat compoſed, the fluttered, agitated heart more ſtill? I aſk you theſe queſtions in the boſom of my

my retreat. I date from my ſanctuary, where my widowed heart (for *that* has long been wedded) is retired to muſe upon the dead. Of the living, you, one other perſon, and Henry, are the only objects of my care. For your welfare, and for your diſtreſs, I can yet feel, and while you remain in it, the world will have ſomething that ties me to it—the reſt is Edward's.

Fifteen months of deſperation are gone by, my friend, and five more have followed thoſe, leſs clamorous, but more deep. The frenzy of my ſoul is ſucceeded by the ſtill ſmall ſigh, and ſilent tear of ſettled ſorrow. It is not now the *paſſion* but the *principle* of grief. Here I ſit under the dark umbrage of theſe ſepulchral boughs---a ſhade moſt ſacred! and invoke Piety to conſecrate my

my grief.---She comes---ſhe comes, my Emma!

—Amidſt the modeſt ſhadings of the evening, I behold her celeſtial form deſcending on a moon-beam. Even now ſhe diffuſes a holy melancholy into my heart.---She fits me for the contemplations that are moſt dear.---She utters the name of EDWARD in tones of heavenly eloquence—ſhe touches the tender ſtrain —ſhe echoes the penſive ſigh in ſofteſt cadence,—and increaſes the ſtream of woe with cherub drops of ſympathy. The lovely enthuſiaſm is compleat!

It is now twilight, my Emma; the bat is taking its circles in the air, and poor Fidelio is ſleeping at my feet.—I uſe the day's laſt moment to write, ſupporting the paper on my lap.—The owl, which ſhrinks from ſunſhine, has left his

his ivy, and flits by me.—The village bell is tolling.—This night departed the ſoul of a WIDOW!——It is the *paſſing* bell, then, that I hear!——Oh! heavens!

Alas, I meant to comfort you, and I ſhall infect you with my gloom.

——The preſent penſive ſweets be mine.—Adieu!—I lay down the pen till I can uſe it to a more ſoothing purpoſe.

IN CONTINUATION.

It is particularly unlucky, Emma, for you, that I ſhould have contracted this ſequeſtered habit, when my ſoothing cares might be ſo particularly acceptable to my friend. Yet, in the preſent ſituation of her heart, all attuned

as

as it is to *gentle* emotions, I am much inclined to aſk her ſociety.

The retreat is tender: the weather is fair. Cloſe upon my cot, Simplicity ſeems to have fixed her ſeat of "deareſt reſidence." She has ſequeſtered herſelf in a bower of ſhrubs, at whoſe roots rambles the fertilizing rill. My ſhades are formed to receive and to embrace the gentle ſpirit of acquieſcence. Repoſed in the thickeſt foliage, the ſaintly form of Melancholy alſo is there, liſtening to the plaint of the ſtock-dove, and to the ſoft gradations of the waterfall. Is not this an aſylum for the *heart* of Emma? Even Louiſa (ah, how pre-eminently wretched!—) finds ſome conſolation amongſt theſe penſive ſweets of nature in her ſolitudes—ſolitudes, my friend, not to *annihilate* but to *compoſe*, not to *extinguiſh* the generous flame,

ſlame, but to *attemper* it. Ah, come then—come to the woman who eſteems you—come to the ſiſter of Henry—come to the mourner of Edward! Retirement is the nurſe of love. 'Tis "hereabouts ſhe dwells." Virtuous affection is blooming here amidſt roſes. Friendſhip, (ah ſurely I might ſay KINDRED friendſhip) in the form of your Louiſa, attends. What, of ſoft, of ſacred, of ſerene, is there *wanting* to invite you? *Here*, as farther removed from the tumults of buſy life, you will be drawn more near to Henry. Directing "the mind's eye" only towards *him*, you will ſeem to approximate almoſt all of life that is moſt precious to us both. The pure air itſelf will aſſiſt. The ſoftneſs of morn, and the ſerenity of eve, will be alike auſpicious---the ſigh will become more ſoft---the violent agitations will ſubſide----the tempeſtuous

paſſions will ſink into a delicate calm, like the ſmooth ſea " when not a breath " of wind blows o'er the ſurface."

A little time, paſſed in a receſs of ſoothing, will anſwer a thouſand good purpoſes; at preſent I know the tender heart muſt feel, and the feeble frame will ſuffer with it. My own miſery is not noiſy, and it will not interrupt your's. The tears of ſympathy, which haply you may beſtow upon Louiſa, ſhall be gratefully *repaid*. In *this* way, we will be at " once indebted and diſ- " charged." Attain, therefore, your father's conſent, and haſten to the cottager.

LOUISA HAMMOND.

N. B. I return the verſes which Henry ſent with the packet of pens, becauſe

cauſe I cannot bear to keep any thing that is comfortable from you at this period, eſpecially any thing from our beloved Hammond, whom we divide in dear affection between us.

Verſes from Mr. HAMMOND *to* EMMA, *with a preſent of ſome Pens given at parting.*

I.

GO, ingenious artiſts, to her,
All ambitious to be preſt;
Dear diſcloſers of ſenſation,
Agents of the gentle breaſt.

II.

Whiter than your whiteſt feather,
Is the hand which you'll embrace;
Yet *more* white the fair affection,
Whoſe emotions you ſhall trace.

III.

Go, and take a charge upon you,
Paſſing tender, paſſing dear;
Oh! the truſt you bear is wondrous!
Gentle agents be ſincere.

IV.

Every ſacred ſecret marking,
Gods! how precious ye will prove!
Softeſt ſympathies imparting,
Are ye not the plumes of *Love?*

V.

When firſt floating on the river,
Lovely was your limpid way;
Lovely was the ſilver ſurface,
Lovely was your wat'ry play.

VI.

But for paſtime ſtill *more* lovely,
Your ſweet feathers *now* I ſend;
What *ſo* lovely, prithee tell me,
As the ſervice of a friend?

VII. Faithful

VII.

Faithful to the fair depoſits,
Your *leaſt* ſtroke ſhall reach my heart!
In its elegant receſſes,
Shall be *fix'd*, what you impart.

VIII.

Then, dear inſtruments, I charge ye,
Often tempt my Emma's eyes;
Bid her preſs your downy feathers,
Bid her *ſpeed* the ſoft replies.

IX.

Not the plumes which line her pillow
Half ſo delicate ſhall prove
(When all kind her pulſes tremble)
As your downy ſhafts of *Love*.

X.

Ye ſhall note her joy and anguiſh,
Gentle agents be ſincere!
Send me half each drop of ſorrow,
Rob me not of half each tear.

XI.

Beauteous as the dews of morning,
When they bathe the lovely flow'r,
Are the lucid drops of *Feeling*,
When from *fondneſs* falls the ſhow'r.

XII.

Mark, I claim my juſt *diviſion*,
Mark, I promiſe juſt *return*;
Some of your white-wing'd aſſociates
Muſt inform her how I mourn.

XIII.

When long leagues our perſons ſever,
Ye our wiſhes ſhall convey;
Ye ſhall tell the pangs of *parting*,
Ye ſhall mark the *meeting-day*.

XIV.

Save me, pow'rs! that ſtrike the pulſes,
When invades the quick ſurprize,
Yonder comes the gentle Emma,
Hither ſhe directs her eyes.

XV. How

XV.

How the feather I am uſing
Trembles to the trembling heart!
Agents, here behold a pattern!
See a ſample of your art.

XVI.

Thus to *me* were *Emma* writing,
(And her thoughts like Henry's kind)
Sympathy would ſhake each feather,
All expreſſive of the mind.

XVII.

Go then, take this charge upon you,
Paſſing tender, paſſing dear;
Oh, the charge you bear is wondrous!
Gentle agents, be ſincere.

LETTER XXXIV.

To FREDERICK BERKLEY, *Esq.*

FREDERICK, he is ſet off; but I have no reaſon to imagine his embarkation a good omen. As far as the *father*'s intereſt goes, I am ſafe, but *that* does not go very far. To tell you the truth, I am *myſelf* ſomewhat an odd kind of a fellow in this reſpect. I ſhould not chooſe to accept an alienated or reluctant hand. Nor could I ſit quiet under the idea of poſſeſſing a woman, who gave her perſon as an equivalent for a title and a fortune. Theſe niceties, you will ſay, are, at my age, ſomewhat *out of date*; and I ought not to *expect* ſuch etiquettes will be attended to by a fine young woman, whom, perhaps, you imagine, I might jump at, on

on *any* terms. Look'y' Frederick, leave me to ſettle my own ſingularities, and do you ſettle your's. I think fit, for old acquaintance ſake, to unboſom to you a very fooliſh ſecret. The leaſt you can do is to hear my ſtory, and to let me tell it my own way. I am now in love "*nolens volens.*" You may laugh, but I *feel* it is not in my power to extricate myſelf. Would the wench had not fallen in my way! *Theſe* are what I call croſs incidents. When a man is jogging on, and has got ſoberly to the reſting-place, *then* to have a ſlap on the ſhoulder from ſuch an urchin as Cupid, *then* to be attacked bow and arrow in hand—Is not this too bad—Is not this too ridiculous—too humiliating?

After you have uttered the ſarcaſtic *yes*, I ſhall proceed to acquaint you, that this mighty ridiculous thing is the

moſt *ſerious torment:* and what renders it the more perplexing is, that, old fellow as I am, it is a circumſtance wholly *new* to me—not more ſo to the verieſt ſtripling when he wafts from him the maiden ſighs for a tripping chit of fifteen. I am not in my dotage, *am* I, Berkley, at forty-three? No, hang it; that is not what they call being well-ſtricken—*is* it? I have ſome terms to keep with *myſelf* too. I ſhould not *chooſe* to be *too* abſurd.

But this young adventurer! This happy hero! The parts of his character that I have been able to pick up—ſuch as health, agreeableneſs, genius, ſpirit, courage, and animation, are not abſolutely in my favour, are they, Frederick?

Let us ſee what *I* have got to put in the balance *againſt* them. The gout—

ſmall-

ſmall-pox pits—not the ninetieth part of a muſe—leſs courage than caution, and ſpirits ſomewhat haraſſed out in the real wear and tear of worldly events. I don't like it, Frederick. It won't do. My lighter ſcale is hurled aloof, and I am bouncing my head againſt the beam moſt abominably. O Frederick!

Is there, then, nothing to throw in, by way of bringing a middle-aged gentleman on the equilibrium? Yes: A luſty lump of *money*. The *golden make-weight* of fifty thouſand pounds. Fair force of *metal*, Frederick! Our cock-aded ſpark has not any thing to poiſe *that*, in the opinion of the world; and yet, if this ſhould happen to be *Emma*'s opinion, I am ſo whimſical a mortal, that I ſhould eſteem her *leſs* for the very circumſtance which would make my ſuit *more ſucceſsful*. The fortune of

Henry Hammond, I find, is ſmall. He has *not* much money, but he has what does a thouſand times more execution in a delicate boſom: he has *ſentiment*. O that curſed *ſentiment!*—a term, Frederick, of late invention, to expreſs old emotions in a new way—a term, which many uſe, more affect, few underſtand, and ſtill fewer feel,------a term, which----which----in ſhort----curſe that ſentiment!

We deceive ourſelves, my friend, and in my next I will tell you *how*. Good b'ye for the preſent.

Your's,

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XXXV.

To the SAME.

I Said I would tell you how we deceive ourſelves. I will. The *ſlender circumſtances*, and even the *great misfortunes* of a lover, are no kind of objection in the eyes of a *ſentimental miſtreſs*; embarraſſments of the world call forth the finer ſentiments, and thoſe excite ſympathy. Now *ſympathy*, Frederick, is, in the female breaſt, a very tender ſenſation. It is a ſtrange thing, but a true, that this ſame adorable SENTIMENT has ever had (with indeed very few exceptions) a moſt ſore quarrel with ſolid ſilver and gold, and with the coin current of a country. In the account of young *Engliſh* women (who are the greateſt worſhippers of the fair idol) it really circulates

circulates as moſt *ſterling*; and the prevailing charms of a pathetic, poetical poverty, is a more welcome draft to them, than any which mere *matter-of-fact wealth* could draw upon his banker. Thus it is, that fathers ſacrifice to Plutus, and children (eſpecially daughters) to a beggarly deity, whom Plutus laughs to ſcorn; and hence the ſource of ten thouſand family feuds—hence the riſe of ſeparate maintenance, and the fall of domeſtic confidence. Sentimental Love is torn almoſt to tatters in his way to the altar; and when, in this effort, his robe is *moſt* ragged, *then* is his glory the *moſt diſtinguiſhed*; for thus beggarly as he is, he ſhall laugh at the labours of a *rich* paſſion, and as he paſſes, poverty-ſtruck (as it ſhould ſeem) through files of females, he will flaunt his famine in your face, and *ſentimentally* tell you, it is his *letter of recommendation*. And all this,

this, Frederick, while plain affection (in a ſnuff-coloured coat for inſtance) throws in *vain* the maſſy money-bag acroſs his ſhoulders, and ſeeks Hymen's temple by the path that is obvious and unentangled. Now-a-days, the broad highway is deſerted; and the women rather *chooſe* to ſtick thoſe roſes in the boſom that are encompaſſed by *thorns*, than accept the richeſt *bouquet* in the garden that lies open to the view, ready to the hand, and that may be collected without any difficulty.

Difficulty! there it is again. That is *another* curſed thing which enters into the ſpirit of a modern attachment! It is the firſt couſin of ſentiment, or, as I have heard, its parent. A ſly old neighbour of mine, who has looked ſhrewdly and ſilently at human nature, and whom I ſometimes uſed to conſult on that ſubject,

ject, tells me, that *difficulty* is the happieſt thing in the world to ſentimental lovers. I hinted to my friend in reply to this, that *I* then might conſider my age, my dark complexion, my wig, and my fair round body, as ſo many points in my *favour*, ſince they would, no doubt, throw a reſpectable quantity of the aforeſaid *difficulty* in the way of my *wiſhes*, meaning my overtures to Emma Corbett. Aye, quoth my friend—but they are not the right *ſort* of difficulties. There, are, continued he, difficulties which *impede* and difficulties which *advance*. Of the *former*, your's, Sir Robert, happen to be the moſt ſubſtantial, to which you might have added many more that have the kindneſs to attend you. Of the *latter*, you, Sir Robert, to my recollection, have not one; for you are too rich to experience an objection on the ſide of caſh, which, by incurring

curring the contempt of the father, might poſſibly recommend you to the child. You are too ſleek and too plump to make a young lady miſtake your countenance for the ſeat of ſentiment, and there is ſo terrible an air of *plenty* all over you, that you are, in my opinion, an unwiſe Baronet to addreſs any thing but one of thoſe *prudent* young ladies, which, in a matrimonial bargain, cling to the *ſolid* comforts, and will not like you the *worſe* for being ſo abundantly provided with the goods of this life.—But to attempt a woman of *ſentiment*, an ATTACHED woman of ſentiment, the miſtreſs of a young *ſoldier*, who loves a man of *poverty*—a man of *poetry*—and, to crown all, who loves a man that is not the *preſent choice of her father* — Alas, poor Sir Robert! you may think yourſelf well off, if ſhe does not conceive towards you a generous

kind

kind of averſion, and order you to aſſume a genteel ſize, to wear your own hair, and to adopt the melting mood, before ſhe ſuffers a ſecond viſit.

Thus ſpake my friend—and I don't know what to think of his doctrine. Give her up, I poſitively cannot. Gain her is not a little improbable. Yet I have met her ſeveral times ſince my arrival, and ſhe has not yet ordered me to aſſume a genteel ſize, nor to wear my own hair. I deſign to make ſome little alterations in the *head way*, 'tis true, but this is more in frolic than ſerioufneſs: for I love to adopt little drolleries. They belong to my temper, and have accompanied me to a very good end, through life—which, I really find, *requires* many little lifts to go pleaſantly through.

It is on this account, Frederick, that I regret having ſeen the fair Emma Corbett. My partiality is not, I find, ſuch a one as I can accommodate to my old habit of quaint jocularity. It has a little jarred the harmony of my little ſyſtem already. I do not enjoy the paſſing ſcene quite ſo care-free——and why ſhould I diſguiſe any thing from Frederick Berkley?---I feel an earneſt deſire to touch the *heart* of this girl *ſo*, that I ſhould be as neceſſary to her felicity as ſhe is to mine; and the fear of not being able to accompliſh this makes me, at times, moſt peculiarly miſerable. Thank diſcretion, however, ſhe knows, as yet, nothing of the matter; and I ſhall have the advantage ſoon of being under the ſame roof. I could treat her with great tenderneſs; indeed I could, Frederick.

Before

Before I quite accede to the invitation---though I have written to Corbett ---I will conſider about it; and ſhall be glad to hear from you in the mean time. But you need not write any of your objections to my purſuit, leſt you inſpire me with a love of *difficulty*, and I ſhould, like a ſentimental Lover, exert myſelf to oppoſe them, in proportion as they appear inſurmountable. But you *may* ſend me word I am engaged in an hazardous undertaking, *not doubting my ſucceſs*, if you pleaſe. So I am,

Your's,

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

To EMMA CORBETT.

AH, my friend, you muſt not come —I am not now fit to receive you. I am too gloomy and too ſick. My conſtitution will not keep pace with my mind. ——The phyſician ſummons me from hence. O, I would willingly live and die here, but a certain ſomething, which, at this criſis I am not at liberty to tell even to thee, my Emma, makes it a duty for me to protract life, (if it be poſſible) and even to love it. I can ſay no more, and you are too generous to torture me with an enquiry. Adieu!

LOUISA HAMMOND.

P. S. I ſhall ſee you in town ſoon.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVII.

To Mrs. ARNOLD.

YOUR billet, O Caroline, is arrived —Surely the agony which threatens, will not be added to the reſt! If it *be*, the ſhortneſs of its continuance will ſoften its ſeverity; for in that caſe, the tender mercies of GOD will be upon me, and I ſhall die. Ere this letter reaches you, I will myſelf embrace all that remains of——

O Caroline, Caroline!—Tears and terror prevent me from proceeding— The poſt is ſetting out, and I have time only to announce the journey of

LOUISA HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII

To LOUISA HAMMOND.*

BY all that is valuable to you, I enjoin the utmoſt expedition! Since I wrote in the morning, the cauſes of apprehenſion are increaſed. If the memory of Edward be dear to you, loſe not a moment.

C. ARNOLD.

* Prior to the receipt of the above.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.

To LOUISA HAMMOND. *

WE *differ* about the rural ſhades, my friend. *I* adopt the *Poet*'s opinion concerning them.

" What are the falling rills, the pendant ſhades,
" The morning bow'rs, the evening colonades,
" But ſoft receſſes for th' uneaſy mind,
" To ſigh, unheard in, to the paſſing wind?
" So the ſtruck deer, in ſome ſequeſter'd part,
" Lies down to die, the arrow in his heart:
" There hid in ſhades, and waſting day by day,
" Inly he bleeds, and pants his ſoul away."

But were I even to ſuppoſe with you, that ſolitude, my dear *Louiſa*'s pathetically-*precious* ſolitude, would woo to it the tender form of patience, it would,

* Previous to receiving the 36th letter.

at

at this period, be impoſſible to take refuge, like the hapleſs deer, amongſt the branches. I have not been allowed a minute's breathing-time ſince the news of Henry's embarkation reached me. It ſeems now the great point of my father to diſlodge entirely all traces of Mr. Hammond. A father's *heart* engages in this endeavour; and though I know it to be hopeleſs, I forbear to diſturb his plan by unavailing conteſt, and am paſſive to the projects which ſurround (ah, how vainly!) the *honourable affliction* of my boſom. The *acute* pang, my friend, *is* ſubſided, but my affection is only the more fixed upon that account. All places being now pretty much alike, I ſuffer myſelf to be drawn about from one ſilly circle to another. Yet how ſhould my father thus miſtake my temper? This affection is no impromptu—no enthuſiaſtic

flight of folly, fancy, or of paſſion. It has been the ſlow progreſſive courſe of various combining and irreſiſtible circumſtances—circumſtances, which, unfolding themſelves trait by trait, have diſcovered to me the merit of a moſt amiable character; and, on the baſis of experience, fixed me to it beyond all poſſibility of change. So very complex, peculiar, and precious, Louiſa, has been every movement in the ſeries of events which have contributed to cement and faſten the faith—the HOLY faith, eſtabliſhed between Emma and your brother, that, though no particular predeſtinarian, nor eaſily yielding to the wild images of ſuperſtition, I am ſtrongly inclined to think—and *there* is my hope—that ſomething more powerful than the mere random agency of chance, *muſt* have interfered. I am not of the light or fickle tribe; nor am I tumultuous.

tuous. Extreme violence I dread. That pathetic ſobriety which is ſeparated on the one hand from the darkneſs of deſpair, and on the other, from the perilous furor of extaſy, (if I at all know myſelf) diſcriminates my character. To the fortunes of Mr. Hammond I am tied by thoſe fine bonds of ſympathy, upon which time and chance can have no influence. Wherefore, then, ſhould I not give way to the generous inſtinct? You have often heard me ſay, that I reſpect and venerate every rule which reaſon has preſcribed to render female conduct correctly amiable; and to preſerve that beauteous decorum, without whoſe graces woman is both deſpicable and wretched. But does reaſon bid us withhold the mitigating balm which is given us to heal the wounds of life? No, my friend. Your own heart, virtuouſly attached to the memory of a moſt lovely,

and moſt lamented youth, will plead in my behalf, and juſtify my conſtancy. Heaven itſelf will juſtify it, and ſo will the unchangeable GOD who *inhabits* that heaven.

To delicacy I grant much. To cuſtom *all* which ſhe *ought* to expect. But to *nature*, chaſtened and regulated by *real virtue*, I devote my heart. In devoting it to them, I dedicate it to Henry; and it is with equal pride and pleaſure I am able to inform the ſiſter of my dear Hammond, that ſuch has been the delicacy of his manners, ſo uniformly pure his ſentiments, his tenderneſs ſo adorned by dignity, ſo becoming a *man* to *offer*, and a *woman* to *accept*,—ardent yet ſteady, and ſoft yet bright,—that I do not recollect one word either ſpoken or written, which *dying*, I could wiſh to blot from the tablature of my memory.

If

If this was the praiſe of the poet, what ſhall it be of the lover—of the lover, young, intereſting, approved of the moſt ſuſceptible heart, and a ſoldier? And is one's affection for ſuch a man to obey the motion of *wheels*, and fly off as *they* roll along? or is it to be buried in the *grave* of *every-day* ſociety? or is it even to be given up for the gaudieſt trappings of tinſel life, which never, even at the moſt *unengaged* moment, could faſcinate the eyes, or ſway the opinions of Emma?

O vain thought! O impotent exertion! Would my father have me *flutter* into forgetfulneſs? It is impoſſible. Let him rather preſent to me a man *more* amiable, *more* perfect, *more* tender, *more* engaging, and *more* ingenuous, than Hammond. Let him introduce to me a ſecond Henry SUPERIOR to the firſt,

or let him forbear attempting to eraſe that lovely leaf, whereon the virtues of that firſt are inſcribed: Yet, I hold myſelf not at *liberty* to oppoſe the ſyſtem of my father. I maintain the modeſt purpoſe of my ſoul, and cheriſh the vow, which, in the preſence of an atteſting GOD, I have regiſtered in my heart: but I do not ſet myſelf *avowedly* againſt the purſuits of a parent. At the ſame time, I ſhould eſteem myſelf the lighteſt, as well as the moſt unworthy of women, were ſuch purſuits to have any influence upon my faith. Time may convince my father of the propriety of a conſtancy ſo inflexible; and to that I truſt.

May heaven augment the comforts of us both, Louiſa! Adieu.

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER XL.

To C. CORBETT, *Esq.*

HELP me, Corbett, (for I am a poor, plain soul) to conquer a little scruple, or rather to obviate it: that done (but first that *must* be done) I am at your service; and will be at your house (for I am tired of this tavern life) in two hours. Now then for it.

Be honest:—how stands the matter betwixt you and young *Hammond?* Is he gone under the seal of any promise received from *you?* I do not ask what *Emma* has declared. She will answer me *herself*, when I venture to refer to her. But I want to know whether *you*, as her father, have given him, at parting, any mark of approbation. I must

not be conſidered, by theſe young folks, as an impertinent old fellow, who preſumes upon a *ſum of money* and a paltry piece of *titleſhip*, and ſo in the end become the object of deriſion to a whole family. I underſtand that, during my long reſidence abroad, this Hammond was under your guardianſhip; that he lived with you and Emma ſome years in the very houſe called Caſtleberry, which I have purchaſed of you; that *there* the young man was countenanced by you, and his addreſſes to your daughter *not diſapproved*. Now, as I do not hear of his having done any thing to *forfeit* your affections, I cannot conceive why you have, as you ſay, "reſolved againſt him."

To be ingenuous, I am afraid you think, *I* am a BETTER *match*. Look'y' Charles, I am no hero, but an honeſt man,

man, and you ſhall not break your word, (as many a *very* honeſt man *has* done) in compliance with certain rigorous circumſtances—Let us talk like old friends newly met.

On my leaving England, *I* was *poor*, *you* were *rich*. In the roll of human affairs, perhaps, now that *I* am returned rich, *you* may be, comparatively, poor; —that is, you may have ſome wiſe ſcheme to carry, and cannot well bring it about. I can no other way account for this ſudden change in disfavour of Hammond—for you uſed to be fixed in your opinions—than that, impelled to an alteration by diſtreſſing incidents, you —— In ſhort, is there any hard part in your ſituation, which you imagine an alliance with me might remove? and, *but* for this, would not Hammond be as

much the object of *your* choice as he is that of your daughter?

Corbett, ſpeak plain. What caſh do you want? Let not your neceſſities violate your engagements. Condeſcend to be a borrower where you may ſo ſafely rely upon your lender; and where, by contracting a debt, you may confer an obligation. To plead for a rival would be unnatural—but to ſave a friend from error, and myſelf from diſgrace, is not amiſs.

An old and intimate friend of your's happened to ſtep in, juſt as I was directing my ſervant to carry my luggage to your houſe. Your name was no ſooner mentioned, than he exclaimed—"Poor Corbett, how miſerable muſt he be at the departure of young Hammond, who is betrothed to his daughter Emma!

The

The youth is juſt gone a volunteer to America; and if in that enterpriſe he be not ſhot, he is to marry on his return. Corbett doats upon him; and a fine ſpirited young fellow he is."

This ſtartled me; but I ſaid nothing. I apply for explanation to *you*, dear Charles. Let neither your preference of me, nor your private affairs, aught avail. I had rather be very unhappy, than at all ridiculous. My friendſhip is at your ſervice, juſt as you have occaſion to ſhape it; only I am ſure, on a little reflection, you will not offer to give it the inhoſpitable form of infringing the rights of another.

Farewell.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XLI.

To Sir ROBERT RAYMOND.

YOU force me into a very unwelcome explanation. Unwelcome, becauſe *precipitate*; and which I deſigned to have opened at a proper opportunity, in the hour of confidence: however, as the circumſtance is thus haſtened on, I muſt ſuit myſelf to it.

I am not by any means ſo rich as I was at your departure from this country for India: yet I am too rich—and ſhould think myſelf ſo had I only one guinea upon the earth—to marry Emma to *your* fortune to mend *mine*. I did love Hammond, even with a father's love, and in a legal ſenſe to *be* his father was my favourite intention. Yet that idea is now,

of

of *all* others, the fartheſt from my mind, and never CAN be revived. It is a little hard that you have got me into ſuch an exigence, as to make it impoſſible for me, with any credit, to keep the great ſecret of my life.

Henry Hammond is, againſt all advice and perſuaſion, violently attached to thoſe cruel *ſpoilers* who have gone ſword in hand into the bowels of a country where my dear ſon has fallen a victim—a country, which is moſt barbarouſly butchered, and to whoſe welfare I am bound by ties the moſt tender and intereſting. I would reject *you*, I would reject an EMPEROR, that ſhould pretend to the hand of Emma, and yet ſacrilegiouſly pollute his *own* hand in the life-blood of AMERICA. Oh, thou hapleſs land! thou art precious to me beyond the breath which I am now drawing!

drawing!—beyond every hope that I can form on this ſide heaven!—beyond my daughter—yes, even beyond Emma, becauſe thou art equally the object of my love, and more of my *pity!* The rapacious HENRY is gone to plunge another poignard in thy boſom!—the boſom of my country—the tomb of Emma's brother, and the vault of every generous affection. Nature herſelf lies bleeding on thy ſhore, and *there* the inhuman mother has plunged the dagger (with her own barbarous hand) into the bowels of her child!—

But oh the deep and tremendous reſtitutions are at hand; I ſee them, with a prophetic eye, this moment before me. Horrors ſhall be repaid with *accumulation* of horror. The wounds in America ſhall be ſucceeded by deep-mouthed gaſhes in the heart of Britain!

The

The chain of ſolemn conſequences advances. Yet, yet, my friend, a little while, and the poor forlorn one, who has fought and fallen at the gate of her proper habitation, for freedom—for the common privileges of life—for all the ſweet and binding principles of humanity—for father, ſon, and brother—for the cradled infant, the wailing widow, and the weeping maid—Yet, yet a little while, and ſhe ſhall find an avenger. Indignant nations ſhall arm in her defence. Thrones and dominions ſhall make *her* cauſe their own, and the fountains of blood which have run from *her* exhauſted veins, ſhall be anſwered by a yet fuller meaſure of the horrible effuſion. Blood for Blood, and deſolation for deſolation! O, my poor Edward! —my buried property! my maſſacred America.

You

You remember it was amongſt my firſt queſtions that I deſired to know *your* opinion of the war? I received the anſwer which ſoothed my heart, and it was not till after that moment, I ſuffered my full tide of ancient tenderneſs again to flow.

To *Henry* I break *no* promiſe.—Emma's attachment, I think, may be *ſubdued* by gentle means. O, if ſhe ſtill unites her heart (even her ſecret heart) to that *volunteer* murderer, theſe ſilver hairs ſhall deſcend in ſudden ſorrow to the grave. But indeed, I do not apprehend it. She is all duty. She *loves* the ſource of her exiſtence. Come then. Diſcover to her your virtues, and try to ſave me from the diſtreſs of her preferring a raſh boy, who is bent upon deſtroying *thoſe* which are ſo valuable to your

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER XLII.

To C. CORBETT, *Esq.*

YOU astonish me. I imagined *you* were, like *myself*, a citizen of the earth, and of no particular party. For my *own* part, I have *travelled* away all enthusiasm of the sort you mention. There is, indeed, something like a natural affection, which one bears to the place of one's nativity; because *there* our beings were first linked to the chain of society—there first shot up our ideas—there grew our connections, our affections, our hopes, and our wishes—there our little loves were first formed, and our little wants first accommodated. It is upon these accounts that I am more happy to contemplate the scenes of England than those of India---that I rate more highly my

my *own* than I do a *foreign* language—that I look with fondeſt partiality at the ſpot (which is marked in everlaſting traces on the memory) devoted to the paſtimes of my infancy, and that I continue ſome ſort of grateful tenderneſs for the very *trees*, whoſe ſhades ſo often ſoothed me in the ſummer of my childhood. My predilection for my native country, friend Corbett, 'hath this extent—no more.' It has been my fate to travel---I had almoſt ſaid---wherever Europeans are diſperſed. I have travelled too, where civil ſociety hath yet made no progreſs, but I have *never* travelled (and oh *may* I never) where the "human face divine" did not meet my eye. However varied by colour, by tint, and by feature, I ſaw enough to diſcover my *kind*, and to acknowledge it. I diſputed not about the white or black, the tawny or the yellow; nor about

about the different mixture, ſhade, or diſtinction, of theſe.---I ſaw beings of the ſame erect form.---I ſaw MY SPECIES; and in this very ſerious moment I declare to you, that I felt attachment to the general figures of men and women, wherever I beheld them, even before I knew any thing of their particular diſpoſitions. In looking more cloſe, I beheld amongſt every people, whether ſavage or civilized, many things to like, and many to diſlike; but not *one* to cut them wholly from my tenderneſs.

Foremoſt of thoſe points, Corbett, which *hurt* me, were the bickerings that ſubſiſted between one ſtate and another. In paſſing through a variety of countries, and ſeeing them *all*, either *engaging*, *preparing* to engage, or healing the wounds of an engagement *paſt*, I began to think the paſſion for honourable

able death (i. e. cutting throats and lopping limbs for ſubſiſtence or for glory, for pride or pique) was univerſally peculiar to theſe ages of iron and ſteel; till devoting a cool hour to examine the map of the world, and perceiving that, from the creation (or very ſoon after) even unto this day, to ſhed blood in this manner has been the *conſtant practice*, I gave up the idea of calling my fellow creatures particularly cruel or ſanguinary upon this account, and *deplored* a cuſtom which I could not *approve*. Yet in every army are characters to be loved; and the human affections ſpread themſelves, more or leſs, over every clime. In conſidering the *cauſes* of wars, between different proportions of the ſame ſpecies, (of whom numbers without number have been ſlain) I have found them ſo wretchedly inadequate to the horrible *effects*, that I have

have often melted into tears, but never have been inflamed with anger. Tens of thouſands, my friend, have been ſacrificed to the frown of a favourite, the whim of a prince, or the ſmile of a proſtitute. The *occaſions* are contemptible, but the *event* is murder. What can a good-natured man do, but commiſerate the abuſe of power, and the madneſs of ambition? In point of *propriety*, there is ſeldom a pin to chooſe on either ſide; and even when it is Juſtice herſelf that draws the ſword, and heads the phalanx, the blood of many an innocent is ſhed in the conteſt; and in the warmeſt moment of ſucceſs, while victory is enjoying her jubilee,—if all the milk of human kindneſs were not drained out of the hero's boſom—there is as much cauſe for him to ſorrow, as to rejoice. Oh Mr. Corbett, were he to retire, *after* the ſhout of acclamation,

to

to ſome quiet ſolitude, and there think on the means by which the conqueſt has been gained—were he to conſider, that heaps of his *countrymen* as well as of the *enemy* (*all* of whom were human beings) lie cut to pieces upon the plain—while *another* heap, yet more to be regretted, are groaning in hoſpitals---would not the laurel wither on his brow? would not the ſenſe of rapture be checked, ſympathy ſtream from his eye, and recoiling horror freeze up the blood about his heart? Such are my opinions. I caught them, my friend, from the fountain-head of a moſt touching *experience*. They flowed immediately from the *wounds* of my fellow-creatures. Appointed to the office of ſurgeon, at a time of *war*, in the earlier part of my life, it was the fortune of our ſhip more than once to feel the ſhocks of public hoſtility. I had ſo much buſineſs upon my

my *hands*, that it was almoſt too much for my *heart*. At the concluſion of the voyage an opportunity offered to quit my cruel ſtation, and I readily embraced it. Since that time I have kept myſelf unengaged from ſcenes for which nature did not form me: and I am not of any party. I deteſt war, and the *thoughts* of war, but I ſincerely wiſh well to every human creature. That England is at variance with her colonies is unhappy. In both countries I have friends who are dear to me. In both I have property. But I dare not lean either way, leſt I ſhould unſettle that ſyſtem of *general loving-kindneſs*, which, for a great while, has been the baſis of my happineſs. I aſſiduouſly avoid political converſation; and it is a certain prudence in *your* conduct (which ſeldom ſuffers you to mention theſe things) that makes me ſo pleaſed, my dear Corbett, with your ſociety.

ſociety. I am now too far advanced in life to begin the cares of a *partizan*; but as I have ſome *feelings*, I cut out ſome more *congenial* employment for them. I love my jeſt. I love my friend. I love you; and I love your daughter. Your ardent principles now convince me, that an alliance with Hammond would be to unite fire with fire; I will therefore try, for her father's ſake, and for mine, how far Emma may be brought to like a *man of peace*. I have only to deſire that you will conſider me as one who remains *neuter* upon the ſame principle that *you* take a *ſide*, viz. becauſe I *think* it is *right*, and becauſe I *feel* it to be *happy*. This condition obſerved, our ancient friendſhip will ſtand firm, and I ſhall ever be, Your's,

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XLIII.

To Sir ROBERT RAYMOND.

AGREED. Had Hammond remained neuter on motives of like benevolence, I ſhould ſtill have loved a name which is now deteſtable; ſo I beg you will not utter it again. For my own part, I *cannot* remain neuter. My ſoul is on fire—I breathe generous vengeance againſt barbarous Britain: I own it; and could I move this lacerated body out of England, without immediate peril of a life on which my Emma has a claim, I would not continue in a ſoil ſo accurſed. We now know each other's opinion, and the ſubject diſorders me ſo much when it is brought forward, that I moſt readily acquieſce in your wiſhes to drop it for ever. My

feelings muſt ever remain; but it kills me to give them language. Come directly. I have prepared Emma for the ſociety of an amiable man, and have explained our long and intimate connection.

Adieu!

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER XLIV.

To LOUISA HAMMOND.

YOU alarm and check my curioſity in the ſame moment, Oh, beautiful unfortunate! Yet is it not a little hard to have any concealments with the ſiſter of Edward, and the avowed admirer of Henry? Particular circumſtances, however, juſtify what, in general ones, would

would be an unkindneſs; and theſe, I am convinced, *ſanctify* the ſilence of Louiſa. Sacred and emboſomed, beyond the reach of any participation, be all that you deſire to keep ſo. I wait, in patient tenderneſs, the moment of fuller confidence; and till that arrives, will only aſſure you that I am connected with every turn of your life, and with every ſtroke of your fortunes; but will ſuffer myſelf to make no more the premature enquiry. All this I owe you in return for the ſolicitude you expreſs for the welfare of Emma; whoſe chief pleaſure, on this ſide the ſeparating ſea, conſiſts in the correſpondence which ſhe maintains with Louiſa.

After ſeveral days of tedious revelry, the *hurry* into which my heart hath been precipitated ſomewhat ſubſides. We have left the ſmoke of London, and got

into a ſerener ſyſtem. The houſe of a very *old friend* of my father's, lately landed from India, is now our reſidence, and it was once the reſidence of Emma and of Henry; for it is that very *Caſtleberry* where my father (who has ſince ſold it to the preſent proprietor) had uſed to paſs with his ſelect friends ſome months of every ſummer. Since his American misfortunes—oh, pardon me the mention of them!—he deteſts the country, and has, I find, ſold the whole property to the agent employed to provide a country-houſe and ſome pleaſure-grounds for Sir Robert Raymond, (that is his name) previous to his arrival in England. The agent fixed upon this ſpot, and it became the ſeat of Sir Robert before my father knew that it was to be inhabited by a friend. Sir Robert is delighted with the purchaſe, and my father rejoices to

ſee

ſee a domain which he once loved, ſo properly diſpoſed of. *You* alſo remember this retreat; for were you not the aſſociate of our flowery infancy?—Louiſa and Edward, Henry and Emma, formed the dear, family circle. You tell me it ſoothes you to indulge theſe ſentiments; but perhaps they may be too great a trial for the preſent ſtate of your ſpirits, and I forbear.

Sir Robert Raymond, our hoſt, is a broad ſet, brown faced, good natured, very ſenſible man, with ſome, not diſagreeable particularities; a large fortune, ſome time ſince bequeathed him, and no ſort of impertinence in conſequence of it. Humour, ſerious ſenſe, and obſervation, divide his character. He was bred to phyſic, and in the earlier part of his life practiſed as a ſea-ſurgeon. He is full of anecdote, and

extremely aſſiduous to animate converſation without engroſſing it. *I* am particularly the object of his notice, chiefly, no doubt, becauſe he perceives I ſtand moſt in need of comfort: and I return his civilities as well as the ſituation of my heart will allow.

Yet, with reſpect to the country, I was ſomewhat miſtaken, my friend. I happen to be fixed in a ſpot where every leaf of every tree appears *conſecrated.* An holy inſpiration ſeems to breathe about me!—Wherever I look I behold a trait of Henry—I tread the paths where, arm in arm, we have walked together, and I ſleep in the very *apartment* which was formerly devoted to *his* repoſe. Theſe are ſmall circumſtances, Louiſa; but they cling cloſe to the heart.—Yes, my deareſt friend, this place is not without ſome ſoftneſſes,

ſome

ſome ſeducing ſweets, agreeable to the preſent diſtreſs which bears upon my ſpirits. However depreſſed, however exhauſted, I am in proper feeling to *enjoy* ſuch a retreat. The tender lapſe of the ſtreams, the balmy lightneſs of the air, the ſerene quietneſs of ſhade, the freſhneſs of that verdure which at once charms and *cheriſhes* the eye, the carol of the gentler kind of birds, the unobtruſive bloom of the ſofter kind of flowers—*each* and *all* of theſe conſpire to produce that weeping reſignation which Louiſa has deſcribed; and which is the natural effect of a virtuous heart in diſappointment. But ſtill I am unhappy. Since I am not permitted to *talk* of the dear cauſe of my grief, I *feel* more. Some part of the ſorrow which uſed to vent itſelf in language, is now doubled by ſolitude and ſilence; like brooks which murmur leaſt, when they

are moſt profound. I write this in a little rocky cavity that ſtands in the garden, where, at your beloved hour of twilight's ſobereſt grey, I have ſtept forth, amidſt the breathing fragrance of eve, to meditate and to mourn. But while I write of my ſequeſtered retreat, it is about to be diſturbed, for the tread of an intruder aſſails my ear,—it is Sir Robert Raymond.—Adieu! oh, Louiſa, adieu!

EMMA.

P. S. If I too much affect you, check my pen.

LETTER

LETTER XLV.

To EMMA CORBETT.

AH no, my charming ſiſter, (I will not quit the claim—) I can bear it now —I wiſh to weep—to weep plenteouſly for I am happy—Oh, the proud word! I had lately ſuch proſpects of horror before my eyes, that to find them thus unexpectedly *removed*, makes me able to look at the light of the ſun with a ſmile; and *that*, though but of a moment's continuance, is happineſs to a wretch like me.—Go on, therefore, go on—proceed to amuſe, to affect, to touch me. All hail the varied emotions which your pen inſpires! Ah! Emma, Emma, think what a bright beam of bliſs muſt break on the boſom of her, whoſe chief ſurviving treaſure is reſcued

from the jaws of DEATH. Think, O think, what a PARENT feels, when wounded in every finer nerve, and then healed again—Alas, what have I ſaid? How wild is tranſport! Into what flights doth ecſtaſy carry the heart which is unuſed to a viſitor ſo radiant! Oh Emma, *Edward is dead*; and yet exiſtence is, at this inſtant, accounted precious to *his* and to *your*

LOUISA HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XLVI.

To LOUISA HAMMOND.

"A PARENT feels"—I underſtand you not. And yet ſuch ſentiments, at ſuch a time, can ſurely ſpring from but ONE ſacred ſource. A *parent* feel! O great God, Louiſa! how am I to interpret this?—what am I to think? I pauſe from my *own* feelings in ſympathy of *your*'s;—yet what am I to think? Conſider my ſuſpenſe. Conſider what you owe to a faithful, long-tried friend. Conſider I am your own

EMMA.

LETTER XLVII.

To EMMA CORBETT.

YOU *are*, Emma, you *are* my friend. *You* are to *me*, and *I* to *you*, all which is compriſed in the ſweet deſcription which both have a thouſand times repeated:

" We, Emma, like two artificial Gods,
" Have with our needles created both one flower;
" Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion;
" Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key:
" As if our hands, our ſides, voices, and minds,
" Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
" Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted;
" Two lovely berries moulded on one ſtem,
" So with two ſeeming bodies, and one heart."

And

And ſhall I longer withhold from you the new claims—claims which yet you know not of—to love me?—"What "ſhall you think?" O, think of *every thing* that is *moſt* tender—think that I have a title to all your *pity*, to all your *affection*—think that the ſole pledge of HONOURABLE love is juſt ſnatched from the grave; and think too, that you behold the *widow* of the hapleſs Edward in

LOUISA.——

LETTER

LETTER XLVIII.

To LOUISA HAMMOND.

A WIFE, a widow, and the mother of an orphan,—at leaſt of a dear fatherleſs child! *Married* to *my brother*, and this the firſt diſcloſure? I am all amazement, all terror, and all tears. O explain the myſtery! Since *you* have begun, ſuffer *me* to continue the ſame ſweet language, and to reproach you ſoftly.

" Is all the council that we two have ſhar'd,
" The ſiſter-vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
" When we have chid the haſty-footed time
" For parting us—Oh! and is all *forgot?*

No, no, you will *tell* me all, and be *indeed* the ſiſter of

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER XLIX.

To EMMA CORBETT.

I HAVE gone too far to recede, and you *ſhall* know all, though I have broken a truſt, and my conſcience ſmites me. I am *uſed* to *miſery*, but the *novelty of joy* was too much to bear, and hath betrayed me. To a very dear and gentle boſom I confeſs, even to the ſiſter of the man who had bound me in the bonds of honour, and made ſecrecy a double duty. Yet, I will go on without reſerve, ſo ſoon as a firmer ſtate of health will permit.

The exertion of my ſpirits is now ſucceeded by a worſe languor than I have ever before experienced, and I am reduced

reduced once more to the neceſſity of addreſſing you from my pillow. *Suſpend*, therefore, your curioſity; pity my weakneſs, and pray for my recovery—but do not, on any account, come to me, even ſhould you hear no more from me for ſome time. I know how to nurſe my diſorder, and till all matters are explained, I would not wiſh you again to ſee the ſiſter of Emma, and the widow of Edward. O let my ſecret ſleep in the innermoſt ſanctuary of your boſom.

Farewell.

LOUISA *CORBETT.*

LETTER

LETTER L.

To FREDERICK BERKLEY, *Eſq.*

BE ſo obliging as to tell me, whether it is madneſs, or dotage, to which I am now reduced? That it is one or the other, (provided it be not a mixture of *both*) is now paſt queſtion. I cannot ſuffer Corbett to propoſe me to his daughter, nor have I the confidence to propoſe myſelf. And indeed, the more frequently I converſe with her, (which I take all decent occaſions of doing) the more I ſee her, hear her voice, and perceive the ſenſe "diſtinct and clear" that is falling from her lips whenever ſhe opens them, the leſs I am able to ſpeak, nay the leſs aſſurance have I to believe, that ſo much merit, youth, and beauty, will have any thing to ſay, ſe-

rioufly,

riouſly, to a fellow with ſo ſun-burnt a viſage, and *unſentimental* a ſet of features, as the middle-aged Robert Raymond.

She hath an affecting trick of ſighing bitterly, and of ſhedding tears, which burſt npon one ſo unpreparedly, that, though I knew them to be the effuſions of her friendſhip for the young volunteer, I could not find it in my heart to check them, but let a few of the ſame kind ſteal down my *own* cheek in very *fellowſhip of ſympathy*. I ſhould upon my word, I *feel* that I ſhould, and I have not ſported with my emotions enough to diſguiſe them.

Yet I have never heard her mention the name of Hammond ſince her arrival at Caſtleberry, from whence you ſee I am now dating. Is not this ſtrange? I always thought the tongue was a traitor

tor upon theſe occaſions. She LOOKS Hammond, methinks, but ſhe SPEAKS him not. I think I can interpret her eyes; but *they* are indeed the ſeat of every fine ſentiment, and ſeem made to expreſs every thing that is gentle and tender, ſo that it is no wonder.

You, friend Frederick, are an adept in theſe matters. Inform me.

Little of this great world can I ſpeak more "than pertains to feats" of ſalves and plaiſters, and therefore

"Little ſhall I grace my cauſe
"In judging for myſelf."

I do really think I am engaged in a very unthrifty undertaking—a looking-glaſs, that happens to hang near the table on which I am now writing, confirms me in

in this opinion. There is ſuch a palpable air of *confidence* in *ſuppoſing* I ſhould ſucceed, that had not the torrid zone ſcorched all the *graces of the blood* out of my countenance, I ſhould certainly bluſh.

I write, you ſee, in my old way, but I am put ſorely out of my old road for all that. It is, after all, a droll ſort of defect I poſſeſs, that of really thinking I am too old and ugly to be an object of a young woman's attachment. Yet, there is nothing very prepoſterous in this idea, either. Speak to Emma, ſays Paſſion.—Dread a repulſe, replies Common Senſe.—Then give up the point, and think no more about it, cries Prudence.—"Ah! teach me how I ſhould forget to think," anſwers Love, in the language of Romeo. A pretty ſtruggle this for a grave man of forty-three,

three, Frederick, is it not? Between ourſelves, I fancy that, when I have procraſtinated as much as poſſible, played the fool with my feelings, and made myſelf ſufficiently miſerable, I ſhall ſee the propriety of *eſcaping* an *explanation*, and ſo make a match of it in the Temple of *Fancy* only, where a man chooſes his own miſtreſs, and can dread no diſappointment. After all, I cannot but apprehend there is ſome little delicacy in this conduct. It proceeds from a quick *terror* of becoming ridiculous. Tender attachments, and all the train of the ſenſations they produce, are extremely graceful at five and twenty, but when one has reached the wrong ſide of forty, I do truly think the *belle paſſion* ſomewhat *outré*. Yet hitherto, having mixed but little with amiable young women, and never with immodeſt ones, the ardours of eighteen can

can ſcarce exceed my own, and I am, in this firſt affection, this firſt love, (for it is abſolutely ſuch) as baſhful and as aukward as a boy juſt uſhered into the ſociety of the ſex. "'Tis paſſing ſtrange," and perhaps "paſſing pitiful;" but, however you may enjoy the confeſſion, I fully feel all the *tremors of tenderneſs*.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER LI.

To LOUISA CORBETT.

"PRAY for your recovery!" Oh, how fervently do I pour the petitionary prayer to the Great Reſtorer! Dear as is the name of Hammond, much as I love to write it, and ſweet as are the ſenſations

ſenſations which agitate my heart ſo often as I ſee it marked upon the paper, there is, methinks, ſomething more dear, more lovely, and more ſweet, in that of Louiſa Corbett. At leaſt *her title* to uſe it ſeems to bring the *ſiſter* ſo cloſe upon my boſom, and ſo ſoft upon my ſoul, that I feel uncommon joy at the tidings. A child too—a little *Edward*—is it not ſo? But I will reſtrain the torrent—I will forbear. I will "pray for your recovery;" and then—ah then, will you not have perfect confidence in your ſiſter

EMMA?

LETTER

LETTER LII.

To FREDERICK BERKLEY, *Esq.*

OF *bodily* disorders I know the symptoms, but cannot decide with equal skill or precision about those of the *mind.* Pray, thou child of refinement, tell me, what are we to think of a young lady, when she seeks occasion to converse with you, when she chooses rather to chat and walk with a man of forty-three, than with several *younger* and *handsomer* visitors who are now at my house; and above all, when she makes advances to pupillage, and desires to become a scholar? Yes, yes, laugh away, but assure yourself that I have *hopes:* for Emma has proposed, by way of country-amusement, during her stay at my place, to—

——Faith,

——Faith, Frederick, you are ſuch a grinner, that I am almoſt afraid to ſpeak——

——During her ſtay, as I ſaid, at Caſtleberry, to ſtudy the art of—— *Surgery!*

Now, as this branch of knowledge can be of no real ſervice to her, I will let you know how I chooſe to interpret it—*chooſe*, I ſay, ſo don't you put me out of favour with the conceit, nor the conceit out of favour with me.

I *chooſe* therefore to conſider it as a decent way of telling me my friendſhip is *not diſagreeable*, and this idea ſoothes me; ſo once again I intreat you will not be ſuch a raven as to *croak* the comfort from my boſom. Alas, dear friend, half the hopes of this little life are de-

luſive, but while they delude us into happineſs, let us not affect to deſpiſe them. Imagination is only a gayer name for matter of fact, in *many* caſes—*think* ſo, and *'tis* ſo. If felicity be ſeated in the mind, it muſt often depend upon the fair *ſhadows* of *opinion*, and, one may ſay, without a paradox, that theſe are frequently *ſubſtantial*. Adieu.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER LIII.

To Mrs. ARNOLD.

BY a line juſt received from Louiſa I am interdicted at preſent from writing to her, and the ſentiments which now oppreſs me are indeed, on *all* accounts, improper to offer a mind pierced by ſo ſimilar

ſimilar a ſorrow. Yet, to reſtrain the whole dreadful weight in my own boſom would ſurely kill me. Do *you* then, O my dear couſin, my worthy Caroline, do *you* aſſiſt me.

—Tell me, I conjure you, where the feeling heart ſhall find a ſanctuary? Tell me, what foliage is thick and impenetrable enough to repel that terror which aſſails an unhappy woman, when the object of every hope and every fear is determined upon dangers the moſt complicated and deciſive? Henry, your *favourite* Henry, is gone, you know, to defend his country, to ſignalize his bravery, and to ſerve his King. I admit the propriety of the enterprize, according to the laws of *honour*, but I weep at the extremity of its horror when tried by the laws of *feeling* and *humanity*.

The glowing arguments of that dear departed, I did not dare to oppoſe. I faintly breathed the female reſiſtance. I feared, leſt my affection might ſeem to be ſelfiſh, by conteſting the point of ſeparation. I violated the ſoftneſs of my ſex, and the tenderneſs of my nature, to reſtrain the flowing tide that roſe in billows to my heart, which laboured with the agony of ſuppreſſion. His being this moment upon the ſea, eager to gain the ſeats of hoſtility, is a proof of it! Perhaps I might have ſeduced him from this adventure, ſince humanity and love (oh, how oppoſite from ravage and war!) are the principles which ſhine the brighteſt in the ſpotleſs hiſtory of Henry's youth. But I dreaded the after operations of inexorable honour, which might deteſt the trembling hand that ſaved it from the ſword.

Yet

Yet *now*, my Caroline, *now* that he is far removed from the voice of my complainings, and can no longer be diſarmed by their ſweet impreſſion, ſuffer, oh ſuffer me to mourn—ſuffer me to execrate that wanton and inſatiable *power*, which ſcatters deſolation o'er the land! Ah this dire *dæmon* of *battle!*—this *dæmon*, who, with giant footſteps, tramples upon the beſt and moſt beautiful affections of the ſoul—who delights to hear the wail of the wounded, and the groans of the expiring—whoſe veſſels ſail upon a ſea of tears, and are wafted by ſighs which are extorted from the tender boſom. I ſee, I ſee the ſanguinary power. He ſhoots athwart the realms of affrighted fancy, in a robe of crimſon ten times died in the blood of his votaries. The ſoft verdure of the ſpring withers as he advances. The ſtreams of plenty, which fertilized a

happy world, ſtand checked in their progreſs, or roll onward a bed of troubled waters. Behold where the ruthleſs monarch approaches. The bounties and the beauties of nature fall before him. Territories are torn up by the roots, and empires mingle in the common ravage. Behold, chained to his triumphal car, fear, deſpair, and all the family of Pain; while the lover, the friend, the father, the widow, the orphan, and all the virtues, bleed in the proceſſion.——Dreadful, dreadful retinue! And all for what?—for what, my Caroline? Wherefore is the peace of the world thus to be deſtroyed? Wherefore is man to raiſe his hand againſt the life of man, and deliberate murder to be entitled to applauſe?

Hear, O Humanity, the reply, and be *ſtill*, if thou canſt! The rulers of different

different realms, in the wanton exertion of power, infringe upon what is falſely called the property of each other. Men, who are utter ſtrangers to the very perſons of one another, and are ſeparated, perhaps, by partitions of a thouſand leagues, quarrel for a few vile acres of the dirt which ſhall preſently cover the toiling race; and the lives of a people are devoted to the ſword. Earth itſelf, wide as is extended her beautiful domain, is not *enough* extenſive for theſe pigmy mortals to divide amongſt themſelves; nor are the natural miſeries of a very ſhort life, with all its moral, all its civil, all its ſocial evils, ſufficient, without the aids of untimely and *voluntary* ſlaughter. The hurry of the ſcene, the din of the battle, and that political muſic which drowns the cry of diſtreſs, may *paſs over* theſe ſentiments, and humanity will not have

time to hear, nor to be heard. But in the quieter moment, when the *gentle* power reviſits the boſom, and reſumes the lovely throne from whence ſhe has been driven, oh how impious, and how contemptible, will appear thoſe bickerings, which terminate in the effuſion of human blood! And could theſe heroes enter coolly into the *conſequence* of this barbarous practice—this practice of defacing and hacking away the expreſs image of their God, to aſcertain privileges in a world which was made for the reception and accommodation, the peace and the pleaſure of *all* mankind;—could they be ſpectators of the calamity which equally attends the ſhout of victory and the ſhriek of defeat—could they behold the inconſolable wife ſink upon her widowed bed, and the child, ſtretching forth its little hands in vain to greet a returning father---a father, left naked, mangled, and

and unburied, upon a foreign and an inhoſpitable ſhore—would not the touch of human pity aſſert its ſoftening preſſure, and all agree to cultivate the bleſſings of univerſal brotherhood?

How many wretches, forlorn and fallen, are at this inſtant pining away on the ſorrow ſteeped couch, while the heedleſs multitude echo the praiſes of one who has earned a laurel at the expence of adding acres to his King, and anguiſh to his country-women? I am no politician, Mrs. Arnold; I am a human being. I am a Chriſtian. I am one who profeſs to adore a religion of peace—one too, who can never be perſuaded that the human form divine—the expreſs image of the Deity—is created thus fair, and thus amiable, to be cruelly ſported away in the riots of ambition, pride, and folly.

Ah, my dear Henry! alive as thou art to all that is moſt endearing, what will be *thy* ſenſations *after* the bloody affray! Thou, whoſe boſom is gentler than the mildeſt and kindlieſt breezes of the ſpring!—what wilt *thou* feel, ſhould ſome hapleſs woman, attended by all her little orphans, demand, of thy victorious hand, the ſlaughtered huſband, and the ſlaughtered ſire? Or ſhould but thy *fancy* ſuggeſt ſuch a groupe, ruſhing through the ranks, and in piercing tones of agony exclaiming—"*reſtore, reſtore* them to me"—how would'ſt thou ſupport it? Thou, Hammond, whom the female ſigh, the female tear, the female ſhriek, would at any time penetrate to the ſoul!——

On the other hand, (and the chance, alas, is equal) ſhould it be *thy* fate to fall—oh, thou deareſt, beſt-beloved, and

and moſt *worthy* to be ſo—ſhould the malignant ſtar, that influences, full often, the hero's fortunes—ſhould it ordain that——

O Caroline, Caroline, I congeal with horror. I can derive no laſting ſerenity from the pious example of the reſigned Louiſa. I rage. I rave. I cannot bear it. Indeed I cannot! Hope, duty, religion, are inſufficient. I ſhall be detected in the deepeſt agony of my ſorrow. —The tears are deluging my paper.— My ſenſes ſeem to turn—I am bowed to the earth—I am——oh, how ſhall I conceal what I am?—how diſguiſe the horrors which preſs down the ſpirit of the moſt afflicted

EMMA?

LETTER LIV.

To FREDERICK BERKLEY, *Eſq.*

MY fair pupil makes a ſurpriſing progreſs in her new ſtudies; and were not her heart too ſoft to ſupport the pain occaſioned by her hand, ſhe would, in a little time perform her amputation, and dreſs her wound with the beſt of us.

She ſeeks this barren novelty of knowledge by way of ſolace: yet it affords her little; for, through all her efforts to amuſe and to diſguiſe, I can ſee her diſtreſs. Ah, Frederick, that it were permitted me to relieve that diſtreſs! Yet, if *Henry*'s image ſtill exiſts in her boſom—and, oh! how likely that it ſhould!—it would be the very *phrenzy* of hope to expect ſucceſs on my part.

Would

Would I had continued in India! Fortune has been extremely perverſe. The gaiety of my character is paſſing away. —Every pleaſant habit is dropping from me, and the peace of my ſoul is about to take flight. Can a virtuous paſſion produce theſe revolutions? Yes, Frederick, nothing *but* a virtuous paſſion *can* produce them. It is a *chaſte affection*, and will, depend upon it, be one way or other rewarded. But it is very poignant; and yet we beſt love the wounds of elegant tenderneſs when they cut moſt deeply into the heart. My affection for Emma increaſes, with the increaſing difficulty of declaring it; and though a much longer ſilence ſeems intolerable, to *break* that ſilence appears a circumſtance yet leſs to be ſupported by Your

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER LV.

To EMMA CORBETT.

WELL, my dear and dutiful daughter, ever kind, and ever conſiderate to me, I have not teazed you by premature importunity—I left you, quietly, to the effects, firſt of ſociety, and then of ſolitude. I want words to tell you how I am touched by thoſe exertions you have made to acquire a conqueſt of reaſon over paſſion; and though I have ſometimes detected the tear upon your cheek, and felt the breath of your ſigh as it broke, by ſtealth, from your boſom; yet——In ſhort, my ſweet girl, it ſeems now to be a proper criſis to communicate the hopes, anxieties, and expectations of my heart. O! I have ſome important ſecrets to diſcloſe; yet

I tremble

I tremble to begin. Wherefore *ſhould* I tremble? You are delicate and obliging. Ere I quit this ſublunary ſcene, I have *two* great ends to wiſh accompliſhed; and, after that, welcome the moment which ſhall re-unite me to the cherub who was once your mother, and who gave to me my NOW only child—who gave the pledge of her fidelity to theſe paternal arms in this very room: —for *here* was Emma born, and here is the proper place to date an addreſs which intreats her to make her birth a bleſſing to me.—*When* and *where*, then, ſhall an aged father whiſper his wiſhes to a daughter?——— O, let the reciprocal duties be exchanged, my dear Emma, without *much* delay. I love you with my whole ſoul, and you will return the full luxuriance of my affection. The Times are greatly changed, and require great innovations of conduct.

duct. New modes of duty ſpring from new circumſtances. Let us generouſly accommodate ourſelves to incidents, which render improper to-day, what might yeſterday be right. I ſolicit an interview. Take your own time; yet think, that time is very *precious*, and treat me like a friend—treat me like a father. Enough. I write to my child. I write to Emma, and her heart will tremble to the tender claims of

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER LVI.

To C. CORBETT, *Esq.*

O My father, why this unneceſſary preparation, this awful ceremony? Why the formal interview ſo ſolemnly announced?—announced too by a letter written under the ſame roof! Ah, what, Sir, does it portend; *Two* points, two *great* points have you to adjuſt!

I come—I *fly* to your apartment—to that *beloved* apartment where my virtuous mother——I cannot go on, I confeſs that ſome terrible ſuggeſtions have ſeized my heart. But I will not indulge them. I will attend my deareſt father ere this billet can well reach his expecting hand from

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER LVII.

To LOUISA CORBETT.

I AM ſuddenly ſummoned into my father's apartment. He is not there, but I attend his coming. In aſcending the ſtairs, I trembled at every ſtep. In this very room I was born. How could my father have the fortitude to *ſell* this manſion?—How could he—— Hah! I hear a noiſe.—He is coming. For ſome days I have penetrated a certain deſign, and I predict the purpoſe of this meeting. Perhaps——Oh, heaven! he is juſt at the door. He ſtops at the head of the ſtairs—I hear him ſigh heavily. This is not, I feel, a moment in which I can bear any addition of diſtreſs. Here is a private door that leads to my apartment.

apartment. My father is pacing about on the other ſide. I hear the handle of the door ſhake in his hand. Some violent agitation is upon him. At *this* time the interview would kill me.—He is opening the door. I haſten my retreat. Adieu!

EMMA.

LETTER LVIII.

To C. CORBETT, *Eſq.*

I SEND this, my deareſt father, to your apartment, to beg you will defer the honour you intend me till a quieter opportunity. I find myſelf ſo extremely and ſuddenly indiſpoſed, that I ſhould ill reward *your* kind attention, by dividing

viding *mine:* and indeed, were I not afraid of ſeeming to preſs too hardly on your indulgence, I ſhould intercede with you to make my excuſes for abſenting myſelf this whole day from the company below; that I may try to recover myſelf by keeping quite ſtill in my own chamber.

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER LIX.

To EMMA CORBETT.

MY dear child! thank you for this relief. It is mutual, though I deplore the occaſion. Take a moment of better ſpirits, and better health, for our affectionate converſation. Compoſe yourſelf. Nurſe your tender heart into tranquility. I ſhould not be equal *myſelf* to the taſk this morning. Paſs the day in all the privacy you think fit; and for your excuſes to the worthy Sir Robert, depend upon your friend and father,

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER LX.

To EMMA CORBETT.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

IT is with great willingneſs I ſit down to make a reply to the letter you addreſſed to me; but it is not without much concern that I find it neceſſary to uſe the pen in anſwer to thoſe which you addreſſed to Louiſa, whoſe preſent ſtate of health is ſuch as to prevent her writing. Anxious, however, even as ſhe preſſes the pillow of ſickneſs, to alleviate the ſuſpence of her beloved Emma, (in regard to the promiſed articles of confidence) ſhe inſtructs me to acquaint you, in the conciſeſt way that I am able, of the means by which ſhe became the wife of your unfortunate brother,

brother, as well as with the reaſons which prevailed with her to keep that union a ſecret from *his* family, from her *own*, and from the *world*. She conceives too, that the deeper colours of diſtreſs in *her* fate may, by compariſon, alleviate the ſofter tints of wretchedneſs in *your*'s; for, at the worſt, my dear couſin, as matters now ſtand, you have a lover living who is very properly the object of many a charming hope; while the poor Louiſa is daily tortured with reflecting on the death of one yet dearer than a lover—even a huſband and a father, who is the object of many a miſery too mighty for the ſolace of ſighs and tears.

With reſpect to the letter I have had the pleaſure to receive from you, it beſpeaks a heart overflowing with ſtreams of genuine philanthropy, and beautifully,

fully becomes the pen of Emma Corbett. But believe me, believe a woman who has been connected from her infancy with men devoted to the trade of arms—believe the daughter of a veteran chief, and the widow of one who felt the military paſſion in all its force—believe *her* when ſhe tells you, that ſuch gentle arguments are never of the leaſt conſequence in the eyes, or on the mind of a ſoldier. They ſerve only to make female weakneſs the more pitied by the men, who think the dignity of a more reſolved courage *concerned* to ſhew itſelf in *contraſt*. Sometimes, it is true, the tears of a wife will excite the manly drop in the eye of a huſband; but it tarries not. The voice of public fame is, on theſe occaſions, louder than that of private affection. The world fixes an earneſt look on the actions of an officer. One hero inflames another: the ſparks

of

of glory paſs like an electric power: the neceſſity of a brave *example* becomes apparent: the profeſſion ſoon grows into a darling paſſion: the blood warms: the genius of war takes poſſeſſion of every faculty: home-connections are forgotten: the ſcene of action terminates the proſpect: the warrior can ſee no farther. Valour and victory ſeem marching before him. There is not leiſure for a private emotion, and tenderneſs would aſſiſt the efforts of his foe. He gives himſelf up, therefore, nobly and abſolutely, to the battle. Wounds can make no impreſſion upon him in the progreſs of his ardent career; and death itſelf is, in that moment, leſs terrible than defeat.

Theſe, my lovely couſin, are not the ſentiments of a theoriſt, but caught immediately from the lips of the very heroes

who practiſed every action they relate. In the interval of peace, few men of any order have a more elegant humanity than the Engliſh officers; and all the endearing qualifications, which make up the great domeſtic characters, are to be found amongſt them; but in the day of conteſt, my couſin, a different duty calls upon them, and military fame is as eaſily wounded, and its wounds as vital to felicity, as thoſe of a woman.

Let not your glowing pencil paint the protectors of our country as beings deſtitute of every tender feeling, but allow for their ſituation, which ſometimes renders incompatible the immediate union of love and glory; or the duties of peace with the duties of war.

While I cloſe this ſentence, Louiſa expreſſes a wiſh to write to you *herſelf*. To-

To-morrow ſhe imagines that ſhe ſhall be equal to the taſk, and ſhe aſſures me that nothing which relates to the hiſtory of *her* huſband and *your* brother, can come ſo properly from any pen as her own. In the hope of her gaining ſtrength for the friendly effort, I will fold up my letter, and bid you farewell.

CAROLINE ARNOLD.

P. S. I find you are ſtill indiſpoſed, and may, perhaps, want amuſement in your ſolitude. To this end I ſend you the FRAGMENT of a little military hiſtory found amongſt my father's papers. It will ſhew you that humanity and bravery are nearly allied, and that the tender huſband and good ſoldier often form the ſame character, though they cannot always exert themſelves in the ſame moment; or, perhaps, were we to ſcru-

tinize nicely, we ſhould in reality find, that when the ſoldier is hazarding his life and liberty for that of his wife, his children, his countrymen, and his king, he is *then* the tendereſt lover, the worthieſt huſband, the beſt parent, the moſt loyal ſubject, and the moſt valuable citizen. I believe it was written by my father in his youth, and I conſider it as a family relique.

Adieu!

A Military

A

MILITARY FRAGMENT.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE CARBINES.

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

***OH for the hiſtory of that wound! ſaid I, ſeeing a ſcar upon the cheek of the perſon appointed to ſhew me the hoſpital!——Oh for the hiſtory of that wound!

Not worth the telling, anſwered the man, pointing to the ſtump of his left thigh, as to a more important ſubject of curioſity. He took me into a different quarter of the building, which preſented the lodgings of thoſe who were penſioners. In each was a ſmall bed, a chair, and a table. The attendant's name was Julius Carbine. At a door leading into one of the apart-

ments he ſtopped: and then looked through an aperture, which commanded the room.

The luckieſt of all moments, ſaid Julius—for brother Neſtor will ſoon be at it, and it is a day of diſcipline. We will enter.

Julius, ſaid the owner of the apartment, as we entered, ſit down with your company. The ſide of the bed was covered with a clean white cloth, by a little girl who opened the door, and I had alſo a little girl with me, and we all ſat down. It was actually the *brother*, and not the brother *ſoldier* only, to whom Julius introduced us. In their appearance there was a fraternal ſimilarity, not ſo much conſiſting in the features and limbs which remained, as in the misfortunes which had happened

to

to thoſe inviſible parts which lay ſcattered in different quarters of the globe.

Julius was the younger of the Carbines, and as he placed himſelf *ſideways* upon the bed, and deſired Carbine the elder (whoſe name was Neſtor) to ſuſpend the attack—he told his ſtory.

We ſlept in the ſame cradle, and were nurſed up for the ſervice. Our little arms——

He flouriſhed a ſtump which projected about four inches from the right ſhoulder——Our little arms——

But I have begun the matter wrong and prematurely; for before I relate the account which Carbine gave of himſelf, I ſhould offer ſome deſcription of his perſon, as well as that of his brother

Neſtor. It is the ſtump of Julius which reminds me of this.

Carbine the elder was the remnant of a noble figure, who in the uprightneſs of his youth muſt have riſen ſix feet from the earth perpendicularly. He had the marks of about ſeventy years wearing in his face—allowing for the natural vigour of his form, the invaſions of incident, time, and profeſſion. The preſent ſtoop in his ſhoulders was favourable to the height, or rather to the want of height in his apartment. It is not without juſt cauſe that I called Neſtor a *remnant*. Nature originally formed in him her faireſt proportions. At the time I ſaw him he was a capital figure reduced. For inſtance; if you looked him in the face, or more properly to ſpeak, in the reſidue of his face, you would perceive in his left cheek, a deep

deep ſcarification, which boaſted no ſort of rivalſhip with the glorious embrowning of the other that had received no injury. Though Neſtor himſelf ſaid, "the whole cheek, in compariſon with the half cheek, looked like an errant poltroon." "It is a cheek," cried he, "which ſeems to have done no duty; "now here," continued he, turning the other ſide to view with much triumph, "here are the ſigns of ſervice."

Both the Carbines, indeed, had *ſerved* to ſome purpoſe. In point of honorary credentials there was little cauſe of jealouſy. Nothing could be more equally divided than the mutual marks of brotherhood in bravery. Sorely battered were the outworks of both. It is worth while to obſerve how the matter was ſettled to their ſatisfaction and credit. The thigh of Julius became the victim

of a parapet, but then Neſtor was even with him when he had the honour to drop his left arm in the counterſcarp. But as if fortune did not imagine an arm, and that a *left* arm, a ſufficient equivalent to a whole thigh, amputated at one deciſive whizz by a cannon ball, ſhe deprived Neſtor of his right foot, which was left at the bottom of an intrenchment in Flanders. The younger Carbine had the track of a muſquet viſible at the extremity of his neck, and the bullets, with which that muſquet was charged, ſlanted along the left jaw, carrying off ſome of the fineſt teeth in the world, and which, perhaps, are even yet to be ſeen in one of the foſſes. To bring the military ſcale even, on the part of Julius, he has the good fortune to conceal under his hat (which, upon account of that concealment, he ſeldom wears) a reſpectable contuſion, which, beginning

beginning at the left ear, ſwept away not only the greateſt part of that, but all that grew in its path, from one end to the other; which diſtinguiſhing ſtroke is in honour of the baſtion. But Julius had his *unoſtentatious* wounds too: his ſhirt covering no leſs than ſix, inſomuch that his boſom was croſſed this way and that, direct and tranſverſe, like a draught-board. I detected the fluſh of ſomething like victory in the countenance of Julius, as he threw open his chitterlin, and opened his ſhirt collar under pretence of too much heat: but Carbine the elder checked his brother's ambition by baring his right arm to his ſhoulder, (or rather begging *me* to bare it) and there diſcovering a maſked battery of blows, which were a fair match for thoſe in the breaſt of Julius.

Thus

Thus were the teſtimonies of their proweſs participated; and if (ſaid they) either of us could have boaſted a leſs equal diviſion, it would have been a blow too many for our friendſhip, and perhaps have bred ill blood betwixt us.

Here the fragment is torn.

* * * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * * *

**** the veteran Carbines, after having platooned and pioneered it for a number of years, in the cauſe of their country, found at length they could keep the field no longer.

They entered the Temple of Peace: but not quite on the footing of ordinary members. The ſenior Carbine privately enjoyed ſome ſmall privileges, and

and the junior was in poſſeſſion of the caſualties derivable from ſhewing the hoſpital to ſuch as had the curioſity to ſurvey it: and he hopped about with his *ruins* in a manner that engaged one's pity and admiration.

A ſecond rent in the fragment.

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Now Neſtor was a man of unalienable affections. They were not to be ſubdued. The military paſſion was by no means dead in his boſom. The heart of the ſoldier was ſtill viſible in his little bed-chamber. There were to be ſeen, ſuſpended from the walls, the battered corſlet that had covered his breaſt, and the firelock, whoſe iron mouth was almoſt worn out by the loadings. They were

were brightly burniſhed, and the niceſt care taken to clean them weekly.

But this was nothing. The practical part of a ſoldier's diſcipline did Neſtor carry on in a room of forty inches diameter.

No ſooner were we all ſeated by the ſide of the bed, than a ſingular ceremony began. He had ſix ſons, all little, all living for their country, and in ſecret training for the battle under their father. It was his cuſtom, thrice in the week, to turn the key upon all the penſioners but his brother, and inſtruct his family in the art of war. Poor as he was, he had actually been at the coſt of equipping them; had fitted up for them ſomething that reſembled a uniform, and, in miniature accoutrements,

ments, preſented them with the ſword, the muſquet, and the bayonet.

The ſoldier's ſcience was taught them by the veteran. One branch or other of the art military was the ſubject of every day. The ſons of Neſtor Carbine knew not the enervating luxuries of artificial heat: they thawed the ſeverity of the ſeaſons with nobler fires. Their education was wholly martial. At night they liſtened to the lecture, and their ſwords were drawn forth to practiſe what they had heard in the morn. They engaged their ſtrengthening arms in the *mock* fight, that they might be prepared for the *real* one. It was now the evening of the ravelin, then of the flanking; now of the fortification, then of the foſſé; now of the half-moon, then of the epaulment; now of the ſaps, and then of the ambuſcade; now of the horn-

horn-works, and then of the baſtion; now of the gabion, and then again of the mines, the parapet, the battery, or the tenaille.

They had juſt began an engagement as we entered the room.

It will be beſt related before the younger Carbine tells his ſtory. Let him therefore repoſe a little longer upon the bed.

The ſtripling troops were drawn up three deep in the center of the room, and the object of attack was a large deal trunk ſet upright betwixt the contending parties. One ſide were to oppoſe and one to defend. The father was commander, and in good time came the brother, who, inſtead of repoſing on the bed as above-mentioned, ſprung up with

with ſurpriſing agility, and hopped away to head the adverſe party, making a kind of warlike muſic with a little drum tattoo'd by the timber inſtrument that ſerved him for an arm. Neſtor, meantime, aſſumed a whiſtle which ſerved for a clarionet.

The engagement was carried on in the exacteſt military order; they advanced, they retreated, they rallied, and they came on again. Every little heart panted with ambition, every eye ſparkled with expectation of victory. The mimic ardour ſoon became real, and the two generals were themſelves wrought up into a ſerious ſenſation. Julius ſhouted, and Neſtor encouraged. But preſently the aſpect of the battle altered, for one of the *beſiegers* (a boy of uncommon bravery) took one of the *beſieged* priſoner. The conqueror flouriſhed

riſhed his little foil, but the captive ſhed tears of ſlavery and ſorrow. The general on the worſted ſide affected to be diſmayed. His opponent ſpirited up his army, purſued his victoty, took a *ſecond* of the enemy priſoner, and the town (that is, the *box*) was taken.

A ſhout of joy was heard on one ſide, while the poor remains of the conquered troops fled to a corner that was the interior encampment behind the bed. Julius beat the dead march with his wooden drum-ſtick: but Neſtor and his troops, having burſt the city gates, (that is, the box *lid*) proceeded to plunder. It contained all the magazines of the enemy, conſiſting of new foils, martial caps, belts, wooden bayonets, confections, and fruits. Theſe were the prizes of conqueſt. They were all fairly won, and divided amongſt the victors

victors according to ſeniority. The little girl who had ſat on the bed, now ſprung up, took a ſmall ozier baſket from a hook, and ſtrewed flowers in the path of the victorious, ſinging a ſong of triumph as they marched round the room. The ceremonies, however, being over, both parties came forward, and ſhook hands very heartily, in token of good-will, and then the affair ended with "God ſave great George our King" and a general huzza.

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——— Our little arms, continued Julius, (whom I will interrupt no more) were nurſed into early vigour for the field: for our father, whoſe bones———

May

May every ſaint bleſs them, ſaid Neſtor!——

—— have been repoſing more than half a century, in different parts of Flanders and Germany, ſtruck firſt into that mode of training which my brother hath adopted. Other people's children have playthings given them, becauſe, forſooth, they whimper for them; but we were never allowed ſo much as a hoop or a top till we gained it by a victory. We knew the difficulty of obtaining the prize, and valued it the more; and thus were fitted for deeds of hardihood, ere other infants had an idea of glory.

Poor creatures! ſaid Neſtor's ſecond ſon, ſcornfully.

We could vault upon the ſteeds of the menage before *they* could keep the ſaddle of their wooden ponies. Ripe for practice, we were ſent forth at an early age to the field, and both of us entered as volunteers in the ſervice of our country.

We did ſo, ſaid Neſtor.

Nature—for which ſtump as I am, I ſtill thank her—gave us no bad forms; and, though we took the field with faces as effeminate as that of our mother,—[You was reckoned the very model of her, you know, Neſtor]—yet the firſt campaign left us no room to bluſh upon that ſcore. Our virgin engagement happened in the hotteſt glow of the ſummer, and we were ſoon rid of a delicacy which is inglorious on the front of a ſoldier. Oh with what pleaſure did

did we contemplate the alterarions at our return!——

I remember it, ſaid Neſtor, ſmiling.

The traits of the mother were quite worn out by the weather. In every lineament there was ſeaſoning. The ſun had written hero in our countenances, and we rejoiced in the dignity of the tan.

But mark the joke, ſir; a fantaſtical pair of wenches pretended to love us, in our fair-weather ſuit of features, before we made the firſt ſally, that is, before we were *worth* loving; but took it into their heads to quarrrel with our appearance the very moment we returned. They wanted ſtill to ſee the red and white of the *woman*, and ſo took to themſelves new paramours.—

The

The jades gave us up, Sir, for a couple of fellows who would ſhudder at the patter of a hail-ſtorm.

So much the better, ſaid Neſtor. We have had the ſatisfaction to ſee one of the raſcals hanged for ſheep-ſtealing, and the other you know is to be put in the pillory this day ſe'nnight.

And I'll be prepared for him, I warrant ye, exclaimed one of the boys.

No, child, ſaid Neſtor: he is no mark for the ſon of a ſoldier.

After this, Sir, we had no lazy periods of peace. Some part or another of Europe was continually beating the drum or ſounding the trumpet in the ear of England. It was our duty to go forth in her defence.

Father, ſaid the eldeſt of the boys, when is it likely we ſhall have a *war?*

My brother, Sir,—(continued Carbine, who was not put out by any family remarks)—my brother, Sir, had the honour of the firſt misfortune.

You do not call it by a right name, ſaid Neſtor.

He triumphed in the firſt teſtimony of the warrior.

I am an elder brother, ſaid Neſtor, and the firſt blow was my birth-right.

But I was ſoon even with him; for, towards the cloſe of the campaign, a random ſhot—when I was thinking of nothing leſs,—gave the four fingers of my left hand to the enemy. In that condition

condition we entered into winter quarters.

But no ſooner was my brother cured of the wound in his face——

You may ſee the mark of it here, Sir, ſaid Neſtor.

——in his face, than he received one much deeper in his heart!

In his *heart*, cried the youngeſt of the ſix ſons, clapping his hand on his father's ſide?—why, you joke: here it is alive and merry now. I can feel it beat.

God keep it ſo, anſwered the eldeſt. It will be a ſore day for us when that ſtops, I promiſe thee.

Give me thy hand, Ferdinand, ſaid Neſtor; and, brother, do you go on with your ſtory, for it entertains the gentleman and his little daughter, and I like to hear it. You were always good at a ſtory from a child. Go on.

——would you believe it, Sir, that a fellow ſo ſliced ſhould have the impudence to attack one of the prettieſt girls in England?

In the *world*, you might have ſaid, cried Neſtor, ſhaking his knee.

——Like a brave boy of the blade, he puſhed his point right on, turned his *worſt* ſide to the wench, and inſiſted upon her taking the ſcars as a recommendation.

Why

Why they *were* ſo, ſaid Neſtor, holding his knee ſtill while he ſpoke.

——in this manner he continued to batter the citadel which trembled in the boſom of the poor girl, and in leſs than a month (no time at all for ſuch a ſiege) he entered the fair caſtle of her affections in triumph.

By the blood that I have ſhed, Sir, ſaid Neſtor, and by the drops which *yet* flow in my body, Frances was the beſt and braveſt wench that ever lay by the ſide of a ſoldier.

Neſtor, ſaid Julius, hold your tongue. —His limbs, Sir, were almoſt conſtantly on the move. War carried them away. What of that? His joke was ready. Never mind, Frances, (would he ſay to his wife) I am the winner yet. Fear

nothing. Were I reduced to my trunk, I ſhould flouriſh ſtill, my girl. A ſoldier, whoſe children have blood in their veins, is invulnerable. He is immortal in his ſons.

Let us *engage*, father! ſaid one of the boys eagerly, as he brandiſhed his foil.

Thus would my brother heal up the wounds of the war: But be that as it may, wounds are but ſorry things in a family. Often has my brother diſputed with me on this ſubject. "Julius, (would he ſay) thou art but half a loyal ſubject ſtill—*thou* giveſt to thy country the ſervices only of an individual, while *I* furniſh it with the force of a whole family. As an *individual*, thou muſt ſoon die; but hadſt thou taken care to *multiply* thyſelf as I have done, thou mighteſt well expect to live and conquer

quer theſe thouſand years. Brother, brother, it is a falſe notion; a ſoldier ought of all men in his Majeſty's dominions the ſooneſt to marry: he ought indeed." Notwithſtanding this, Sir, I could never be prevailed upon: No, though an honeſt girl offered to ſling my knapſack acroſs her ſhoulder after the loſs of my thigh. To confeſs the plain truth to you, I did not like certain ceremonies betwixt my brother and ſiſter, at their partings. Frances indeed wept but little, but in my opinion, ſhe *looked* a much deeper ſorrow than is to be expreſſed by a pair of wet eyes.

Neſtor hemm'd violently.

And as to my brother, though he cocked his hat fiercely—pretended to have caught cold—rubbed up his accoutrements, and bluſtered mightily, he

never was ſteadily himſelf—and how the devil *ſhould* he be—for a week after. Theſe things, Sir, are againſt the grain. The bruſh of a bullet is nothing at all: it may take off your head, or it may only take off your hat: either way, no great matter—but the cries of a woman, the piercing agonies of a wife, to come acroſs one's thoughts in the laſt moments—No, Sir,—no, damn it—there is no bearing that—I will live and die a batchelor!

But this is not the worſt, Sir. *Death* ſometimes comes at the bottom of the account to *unſoldier* a man. He knocked at brother Neſtor's door, and carried Frances away while ſhe was nurſing him of a fever into which he was thrown by the pain of a wound. Zounds! that was a terrible day, Neſtor, was it not?

Terrible

Terrible! ſaid Neſtor, turning his head from the company.

She died ſuddenly. Courage, ſaid I, brother. He waved his hand, and ſpoke not. Brother, ſaid I, have courage. "Fool," replied he, in a paſſion —(if he had called me ſo in cold blood, I would have had him out)—"Fool, ſaid he, (in a way that one could not but forgive him, ſtamping his foot on the ground at the ſame time) am I, thinkeſt thou, before GOD ALMIGHTY or the enemy? What has courage to do before HIM? thou ſhould'ſt tell me to be *patient*." I ſaid no more: for the poor Frances lay dead before his eyes; and there being but one bed of any ſize, the living and the dead lay together.

Child, (ſaid Neſtor to the little girl, his daughter, who was ſobbing at the

ſide of the bed, with her apron thrown over her eyes)—come hither. Thou art *like* thy mother—kiſs me.

Neſtor (continued Julius) tied the crape round his arm, and his ſoul was in mourning. He gave Frances to the earth. Decency——

Go no farther, ſaid Neſtor.

——Decency required *my* attendance, Sir. My poor Carbine ſhed then the firſt tears that I ever ſaw upon his cheek. Oh! he was melted down into ſomething ſofter than his mother. He wanted to prevent the man from ſtriking the nails into the coffin.——

Julius, GO NO FARTHER, I ſay, (cried Neſtor) preſſing his daughter cloſe to his breaſt.

I wiſh

I wiſh my uncle would hold his tongue, ſaid one of the boys.

He opened the cloſed lid, and peeped in (continued Julius.) He caſt a lingering look into the grave. He drew his hand gently over the coffin as the ſexton was beginning to lower it. He kneeled down to ſee that it was put *ſoftly* into the ground. He let it go, and ſaid he was perfectly reſigned; then came away, and then returned, then went off a ſecond time, and ſought the grave again, wringing his hand, and declaring he was perfectly reſigned all the time—

Wilt *kill* me, Julius? ſaid Neſtor: Stop, I ſay?

——In ſhort, Sir, he—he—he—did ſo many things, upon that occaſion, that ſurely,

ſurely, if a man has any love for a woman, he ought to be a batchelor.

[The fragment is here defaced, and illegible for ſome pages.]

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*** after the engagement, the ſolemn thoughts again came on.—Julius rubbed his face twice or thrice along the pillow, and declared that while the wind continued in that quarter, his old aches would twinge him a little.

And in this hoſpital, Sir, we are now laid up for life, ſaid Julius.

He rubbed his face again upon the pillow. Well, ſaid he, riſing, every dog has his day!

Upon

Upon this Neſtor began to whiſtle: —not one of thoſe tunes which ariſe from vacancy, but a whiſtle truly contemplative; it was more ſlow and penſive as he proceeded, and in its cloſing cadence, a tear ſtarted from his eye. Streaming almoſt to the borders of the upper lip, it ſettled there, and though as he waved his head backwards and forwards it trembled upon the edge of his cheek, it did not fall.

When he had opened the door, I ſtole an opportunity to put ſomething into his hand.

He took it as money ought to be taken by a brave or worthy man who wants aſſiſtance, and ſees no ſhame in receiving it. A ſober ſmile came into his countenance: but the TEAR continued.

His

His daughter's hand was ſtill cloſed in his; but ſhe looked at the tear, and was taking out her handkerchief.

Let it alone, my dear, ſaid Neſtor; IT IS YOUR MOTHER'S.

How are the Carbines to be envied, ſaid I, when we were ſtepping into the ſtreet!

You flatter us, replied Neſtor, bowing gently.

I went two paces and turned back.

The tear had verged off, poſſibly while he was bowing.

It had got upon *my* little girl's face; and there it hung like a dew-drop from a roſe-bud.

Good

Good God, ſaid I, how rapid an exchange!

In ſaying this, I found it had vaniſhed from the cheek of my daughter, in the time that I was making the exclamation!

Alas, it is *quite* gone then! ſaid I.

No! upon lifting my hand to my face ſometime after, I found the precious offering of ſympathy had changed a *third* time its reſidence, and was trembling on my own cheek. I bleſſed it, and

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LETTER

LETTER LXI.

To EMMA CORBETT.

I HAVE been penning a narrative, at every interval from pain; and by the next poſt, it ſhall be diſpatched to Emma, from whom I deſire anxiouſly to hear all that concerns her happineſs and her health.

LOUISA CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER LXII.

To LOUISA CORBETT.

THE interview is paſt, and freſh horrors are heaped upon the bleeding heart of

EMMA.

P. S. Oh what does your Caroline's fragment prove, but that WAR, at beſt, is *terrible* as glorious!

LETTER LXIII.

Mr. CORBETT, *to his* AGENT.

THE money cannot poſſibly be raiſed, and the ruin is complete of the wretched

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER LXIV.

To FREDERICK BERKLEY, *Esq.*

THE days of drollery are no more. The character of my heart is changed. Emma is ſick. Her father is labouring with ſome deep and concealed calamity; and from theſe incidents of the family, you will gather the unhappy ſituation of

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER LXV.

To LOUISA CORBETT.

I KNOW not whether I ſhall live long enough to relate the horrors of my ſituation!

On the evening of the day that I deſired the ſuſpenſion, I felt an impulſe, more ſtrong and more ſacred than that of common curioſity, to know the full ſcope of my ſuſpicions.

Before this interview, my diſtreſs appeared ſufficiently great. Alas, we are continually exclaiming that the heart will break, without knowing what additional burthens it will bear, even when we think it is *moſt* ſurcharged.

Come

Come hither, dear Emma, ſaid my father—drawing me gently to him—his hand trembling as he touched my gown.

—Come hither, I want to thank you for the long ſeries of ſoft compliances, which your dutiful heart hath poured into this aged boſom. *But* for you, my child, your unfortunate father would have no ſupport.

Unfortunate, Sir, did you ſay?

O *moſt* unfortunate, my Emma! I am in diſtreſs—*worldly* diſtreſs. And it is ſo extreme, that I have been compelled (ah, hard neceſſity) to diſpoſe of this fair manſion, which hath more than a century owned a Corbett for its Lord. This very room, my dear, which gave ——oh ſpare me, Emma——this very room, the conſecrated ſpot of *thy nativity*,

vity, is now another's; and ſo are the late hereditary lands that ſmile around it. The ruin has been *deliberate* too; and I have concealed it from every eye, even (and indeed chiefly) from *thine*, till now that I am in the *arms of poverty*. There is at this moment an execution entering my houſe in London, which contains the laſt reliques of a fortune, that ſome years ſince amounted to an hundred thouſand pounds.

——That accurſed war!—that dire *American* contention!—that civil fury which hath ſeparated the ſame intereſts of the ſame people!——

Here it begins, my child!—but where will it cloſe? Oh ſlavery—oh impriſonment! how terrible are thy horrid walls and galling fetters to *one* whoſe boſom burns with the divine flame of liberty!—

liberty!—How inſupportable to an old man!—to a father, whoſe daughter's *conſequence* in life muſt flow from *his*.

O thou lovely ſtream from a fountain whoſe ſources are ſtopped—what, *what* is to be done?

The *deciſive* blow came yeſterday upon me. I had, ere this, in reſerve, one rich caſket—but it is gone: the laſt capture has deprived us of it. It would have been enough for *my* age and for *your* youth, but the poſt of yeſterday—

It is unneceſſary to detail the calamity. It is cruſhing: it is irremediable: it is ruinous. I am in beggary.

Oh, Emma! bred up to elevated expectations, what is to become of thee? Your brother is ſlain. Your father old and

and enervated, a prey to pain of body from the moſt piercing of human diſorders, and to anguiſh of mind, from reflections the moſt cutting. Your property both at home and abroad (for mine was naturally your's) loſt or deſpoiled!

Emma! what is to become of thee? Would you renovate my youth---would you rebuild your fortunes?-----

I could not ſpeak, Louiſa.

If you *would*, continued my father, receive with a ſmile thoſe accents which inform you, there is a gentleman—rich, generous, virtuous, worthy, and of whom you have a good opinion---a gentleman who would eſteem the *hand of Emma*---

—Ah, what have I ſaid!—ſhameful ſacrifice!—pardon, pardon me, my child.

You

You ſhall *not* be *ſold*, my love. No, no; let us be above the ſordid commerce. Let us enter the gloomy gates together. Let us be poor—let us be neceſſitous—let us combat the common wants of nature,—but let us not be *contemptible*.

I ſunk, death-like, into his arms, a weeping father's arms; which, ſtaggering under their burthen, bore me to the bed. There I ſtill lie: and there, probably in a few days——oh! farewell to

EMMA.

LETTER LXVI.

To EMMA CORBETT.*

NO, my loved ſiſter, I will not, cannot, ſend a long ſtory. A few pages will comprize the main circumſtances; and let thoſe ſuffice till days of future converſation.------Your father had ever an ambition to enlarge the fortune of his Edward by marriage: and Edward had already ſufficient to his wiſhes. He acquainted his father of the love which he bore to Louiſa. It produced a diſpute. My brother happened to be preſent. He entered as your father exclaimed, "What but beggary can "be expected with a girl like Louiſa "Hammond, of ſcarce an hundred

* Prior to the receipt of the above.

"pounds

" pounds a year?"——The converſation ſtopped.

Sir, (ſaid Henry to Edward, when they were alone) had any man living but Emma's father ſpoke in theſe terms of my ſiſter, he ſhould have been puniſhed for it ſeverely.——I love *Emma Corbett*, and to her he is indebted for—

And I love *Louiſa Hammond*, Sir, (replied your brother) but my father has an arm of his own, and that failing, he has that of a *ſon*, to defend him from the inſults of a boy, ſhould he dare to——

It is an improper place to diſcuſs the queſtion, ſaid Henry. They went out. Henry commanded Edward, in terms of intolerable ſeverity, never to offer his hand to Louiſa, while Edward in-

ſiſted, that Henry ſhould deſiſt from farther engaging the affections of Emma. The inhibition was promiſed to be obſerved, and a breach of it was to terminate in the laſt frightful deciſion amongſt men. Edward dropped his viſits, and I knew not the cauſe. Henry did the ſame, and you were equally ignorant of the motive. I fell ſick; a fever ſeized my ſpirits, and my life was deſpaired of. Edward heard of my illneſs, and came to viſit me at a time when he knew Henry was from home. He found me in the extremity----the fever was become putrid, and the phyſician ordered no one to approach my breath any nearer than could be avoided; the bed was ſtrewed with the herbs which are ſuppoſed to prevent infection. Regardleſs of this, and every other image of ſelf preſervation, Edward ruſhed into my chamber, threw himſelf upon

upon his knees by the ſide of the bed, and hung his head over my face, which received and welcomed the tender tears that were ſtreaming from his eyes. O! Louiſa, Louiſa, (ſaid he) I can bear it no longer! At theſe words Henry was heard upon the ſtairs, Edward leaped up----Heavens! ſaid he, can it be poſſible, is Henry returned? Well, it is no matter. My brother entered the room, and at the ſight of Edward ſtept back, like a man aſtoniſhed. Edward ran up to him, threw his arms about his neck, and inſiſted that the embrace ſhould be returned. Oh Henry! he exclaimed, too long have we mutually ſuffered a falſe delicacy to prevail. Enough have we ſacrificed to pique, for Emma and Louiſa have been the victims. I heard that your ſiſter was dying, and I could not deny myſelf the mournful privilege of a friend—will you chide

me for it, Henry?—will you ſtill withhold your hand and your heart from the brother of Emma Corbett? *Will you?* This was the firſt moment I had been informed of the diſpute. The ſurprize was too much for me in the *firmeſt* ſtate of my conſtitution. In the condition I *then* was, it had well-nigh proved fatal. All which my ſtrengh ſuffered me to do was to raiſe myſelf on my pillow, fold my hands in the attitude of intreaty, and with feeble accents to implore, they would ſpare my laſt moments, and not embitter them by *their* enmity.

Ere I had uttered this, Henry and Edward were weeping on the necks of each other, and Henry ſaid, Alas! Edward, I *owe* you more than this, for on my part was the promiſe firſt broken. I have ſecretly maintained the uſual corre-

correſpondence with Emma, ſince ſhe has been away, and found the *tenderneſs* ſuperior to the *anger* of my temper. Indeed we have *both* been wrong. Henceforward, let us be *more* than friends—if poſſible, let us be brothers. Shall we not, my Edward?

Again, Emma, I claſped my hands, and a ſudden ſenſe of joy came over me that gave a turn—a *happy* turn to my diſorder. I recovered. It was agreed between us that the *cauſe of the quarrel*, and the means of the reconciliation, ſhould be equally a ſecret. The families were re-united, and none but Edward, Henry, and Louiſa, could account for the late coolneſs on the part of the two former. But the harmony was not of long duration;—it was again interrupted by your father's violence in the cauſe of *America*, op-

poſed to that of my brother in the cauſe of *Great-Britain*. Edward ſided with the former, and though it no longer prevented an intercourſe between us, it threatened an eternal ſeparation of political intereſts. At the ſame time Henry was permitted to addreſs you, and Edward continued openly his partiality for me.—Nay, your father at laſt declared, he hoped ſtill to ſee the two countries reſtored to the embraces of each other, and two happy matches to felicitate their union. You were, my dear Emma, fortunately from home on a viſit during moſt of theſe tranſactions, and your Henry did not think it prudent to break the thread of an elegant affection by the little jarrings that were happening to croſs it at home. The conteſt now became fierce on the other ſide of the Atlantic, and threatened to carry bloodſhed and rapine to that part of the continent where

where Edward had property. Louiſa, (ſaid he to me, one evening) I muſt croſs the ſeas: my fortune is in danger: it equally concerns you and me that I ſhould endeavour to defend it, yet I will wait another month to hear the event of terms that are propoſing between the countries;—if they produce *peace*, you know how ready I ſhall be to continue in England; if they *fail* of that end, you muſt have reſolution enough to part from me for a ſhort ſeaſon. But, continued he, as no man can tell the chances of the ſlighteſt ſeparation, I ardently wiſh to call you, by the tendereſt of all human titles, *mine*, before I go. *Publickly* this cannot be done, for though my father affects to conſent, our union would make him unhappy. No, Louiſa: let our happineſs be known only to ourſelves till it is proper to communicate

it. Impart it not, till my return at leaſt, to Emma, to Henry, or to any part of the family. I have my reaſons for it, even more ſtrong than thoſe that have been already related.

Soon after this converſation, Emma, we were privately married, and none of the appointments that led to the ceremony, or which ſucceeded it, were diſcovered or ſuſpected. Previous to the voyage of my hapleſs huſband, he put into my hand a ſealed paper, containing his will, and he deſired I would not open it till his return. In the fond hope of that return being poſſible, I have, till within theſe few days, kept the ſeal unbroken, and now, alas! I find it is a teſtamentary diſpoſal of his property abroad, bequeathed entirely to me as ſole executrix.——

Yes,

Yes, my dear Emma, there *is* a fatherleſs Edward, and Heaven only knows whether the father had any knowledge of his birth before he died. I repeatedly ſent letters, full of all a mother's minute and affecting ſolicitude, but I received no replies.

To Mrs. Arnold, dear and generous friend! I owe the power of keeping my huſband's ſecret, notwithſtanding an event that promiſed to betray it. The poor little one was lately taken ill, and his death every moment expected. It was that (oh Nature!) made me write the diſordered ſcrawl, which intreated Emma to forbear her viſit. On my reaching the houſe of our worthy Caroline, I found the cold hand of death lay heavy on my child. I wept ſore. I offered up the prayer of the deſolate widow, not *wholly* to bereave me; and

begged (ah, how earneſtly) the Bleſſed God to reſtore *one* or receive *both!*

My prayer was heard. My child grew well. Your letter came in the warmeſt, neweſt, and moſt melting moment of matron extacy. The ſmile of the babe was in my eye, and in my heart. I ſaw miniatur'd forth the features of the murdered Edward. Oh the beautiful extreme of rapture! It grew too big for bearing. I devoured my child with kiſſes. I ran with weeping joy to Mrs. Arnold. I thought of thee, oh lovely Emma, as of Edward's ſiſter, and I gave thee, in that charmfngly unguarded period, the dear depoſit of my boſom, which none but Caroline ſhares with thee.

Edward, the *infant* Edward, ſleeps as I write this. His gentle breathing

is

is as the muſic of the ſpheres to his mother's ear. Ah, had there been a pauſe—a ſtop—an *eternal* ſtop in that harmony, what ſhould I have done? But he lives, and I will not murmur. Oh for health to rear his tender youth. Emma, you are his aunt, and oh, ſhould this feeble frame fail to hold out ſo long as he may want a protector (and when, alas, will that ceaſe to be!) will you not—ah will you not be unto him a mother? Conſider that he has *many* claims upon you. He is the ſon of Edward your brother, and the child of

LOUISA.

LETTER

LETTER LXVII.

To LOUISA CORBETT.

O Wonder-working Providence! I feel your intelligence, deareſt Mrs. Corbett, in every vein! I acknowledge you as a friend. I receive you as a ſiſter. But *there* is the *boundary* of my power. Embrace your child, and do not complain. Louiſa, you may now receive an example of patience from the fortitude of Emma. The father and the child are both in the bed of ſickneſs, and both labouring in the dire extremes of diſtemper and diſtreſs. I can no more. Farewell. I murmur not.

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER LXVIII.

To FREDERICK BERKLEY, *Esq.*

CASTLEBERRY is the ſeat of confuſion and calamity. It ſeems as if I were doomed to be the murderer of my gueſts. I can impute the illneſs of parent and child to no other cauſe, than becauſe the one too much *deſires* a match, which the other with too much reaſon *deteſts*. —— Oh, mighty God! the myſtery is explained. Let the *incloſed* ſpeak it, for I have not power to tranſcribe.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER LXIX.

To Sir ROBERT RAYMOND.*

I AM not made for hypocriſy. You ſee the gloom of my ſoul. It ſits in my countenance; nor am I able to diſguiſe it. It is now *my* turn to deſire you will deal with *me* plainly. Within a few hours my fortunes are altered ſo much for the worſe, that it is impoſſible for me to deſire you will advance farther in the treaty relating to Emma. I cannot now give her a ſingle guinea; all ſhe will ever have is three thouſand pounds, which is a legacy: nor can I expect your paſſion to weigh down every pecuniary conſideration. Three thouſand pounds, Sir Robert, is *poverty* to what my child might have expected.

* The incloſed.

Suffer

Suffer us then to depart. I am ſtung to the quick by various wrongs. By the cloſe of the week I hope we ſhall be well enough to ſet out.

Excuſe the awkwardneſs of correſponding under the ſame roof. There are points that cannot be ſpoken to. This is one. I venerate and love you. But do not mention the ſubject to Emma, or to

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER LXX.

To C. CORBETT, *Esq.*

THERE wanted no freſh impediments. They were manifold and mighty enough before. To purſue my intentions, after what I am now told, would be *indeed* impracticable. I ſhould tremble to approach Emma, leſt I ſhould ſeem to act the part rather of a purchaſer than a lover. O, I blame not that lovely pride which poverty begets in a generous mind. Shall I baſely *bargain* for the hand of Emma? Yet how ſhall I reſign it? Let me think.

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* * * I have

* * * I have hit upon an expedient, Mr. Corbett: But it will want your ſuffrage and aſſiſtance.—There is but one way left to honour and oblige me, and I call on you by the rights of ancient friendſhip to comply with my requeſt.

——No, it cannot be. It will not bear reflection. I muſt ſubmit to my fate. But do not leave me yet. Repoſe. Recover. Meditate what is beſt to be done. Tell me the extent of your misfortune, and let us mutually concert its mitigation.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER LXXI.

To the SAME.

THE irreſolute note which I ſent this morning to your chamber, is not worth your attempting to decypher. I wanted to expreſs my ſympathy of your preſent misfortune in a way more anſwerable to the emotions of my friendſhip. I wiſhed to gather ſuch knowledge of ſome perſons *connected with your loſs*, as might enable me to plan ſome pious fraud to relieve your ſituation without wounding your delicacy. But I ſhould make bungling work of it, and deſtroy the felicity I intended to promote. I am a man of plain feelings, and have no dexterity of addreſs when it is neceſſary to adorn them. Accept then, dear Corbett, of an honeſt mind,

mind, in lieu of elegant manners. Is any decoration neceſſary to introduce a friendly circumſtance?—and if there is not, wherefore do I thus lengthen the preface?

Corbett, I am one of thoſe whom the world calls an unthrifty fellow: for I value money merely as it conduces to my happineſs. My happineſs depends on ſociety, and not on myſelf alone. I have fixed it in the dear domeſtic circle that incloſes Emma and her father. Beyond that barrier I do not deſire to wander; and if I can promote their felicity, my own will, of neceſſity, be complete. You ſee my ſyſtem. It is ſimple and conciſe. By uncommon chance I am become rich, you know. The ſum I poſſeſs is too much to be diſſipated, and not enough if I had a paſſion to accumulate. It is quite

ſufficient

ſufficient to render three perſons happy, ſo far as happineſs takes its colour from money. Amongſt three perſons then let it be divided; but let only two of thoſe know the ſource by which the third is ſupplied. You may eaſily perſuade Emma to believe, (what indeed will be true) that by an unexpected turn, your loſſes are repaired. She will be too much rejoiced at the event to teaze herſelf about the means. Or, if ſhe *ſhould* enquire, her curioſity is of a tender kind, and will readily be pacified. I hope you love me too well to make ſcruples: and yet I ſhall prepare myſelf to combat them. It is really a very hard and mortifying thing, that theſe *bare-weight* duties betwixt friend and friend, ſhould be ſo rare as to make the offer of them a matter of embaraſſment; as if there were nothing expected in ſociety, but its etiquette and profeſſions.

ſions. All I deſire is, that you will loſe no time in ſettling your affairs, and no otherwiſe remember the *mode* by which they are accommodated, than as it may impreſs your boſom with tender ſenſations, and ſtrengthen the cement of that alliance which is formed between us. With Emma, I will (on the above conditions) take my chance as before; but for the wealth of worlds I would not have her acquainted with a tittle of our private tranſactions. Nor muſt you attempt to ſway her. Leave her to the ſame chances as would *before* have happened. It is very unreaſonable that I ſhould expect her to marry *me* for *affection:* but, for Heaven's ſake, ſave me the diſtreſs of accepting the ſacrificed hand of gratitude. I am glad it is in my power to offer my teſtimonies of friendſhip to you before ſhe has been *influenced.* I will be with you preſently; and

and you ſhall have no prejudices of cuſtom about you, till you detect any thing of (what is fooliſhly called) the wiſdom of the world, clinging to the hand or the heart of

ROBERT RAYMOND.

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END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.